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SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - - EDITOR

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GOVERNOR WILSON'S SANE ARGUMENT

NO MATTER how sincerely one may oppose that aspect of direct legislation embodied in the proposed amendment, extending the recall to the judiciary, the question of approving the initiative and referendum, being wholly segregated, need deter no progressive spirit from unqualified indorsement of the latter measures. We cannot agree with Governor Emmett O'Neal of Alabama that the adoption of these two principles will have a tendency to weaken rather than strengthen executive authority. His arguments fail to be convincing.

Rather do we coincide with the viewpoint of Governor Woodrow Wilson, who told his auditors at the conference of governors at Spring Lake, New Jersey, this week, that a fundamentally important thing to consider is the source of the law. Initiated by the people and adopted by referendum it is worthy of respect. It is the laws having a dubious origin, born out of wedlock, so to speak, and cradled in suspicion, that evoke distrust. Said he:

What I would urge as against the views of Governor O'Neal is that there is nothing inconsistent between the strengthening of the powers of the executive and the direct power of the people. I have known of instances of the caprice of the mob, but I have never known of an instance where the vote of the population was spoken of as a caprice.

This is all the more convincing when it is remembered that Governor Wilson is as diametrically opposed to the recall of the judiciary as is our own Senator Works. He finds it impossible to accept that application of the principle, but is not inclined to regard as an "insidious vagary" the initiative and referendum. We may distrust

our legislature at times, we may look askance upon the motives of our governor, but laws that have their origin in the open and may be discussed of all men before coming to a referendum vote cannot be destructive of executive authority, rather do they uphold it. California will never regret the adoption of the initiative and referendum.

VALIANT MAN TO THE RESCUE

OUR compliments to the valiant fifty who have taken a solemn oath to protect women from the responsibility of the ballot. It is a noble resolve and only proves what we have ever maintained, that the days of chivalry have by no means passed. What if women do yearn to add to their burdens that of voting! Surely, they must see that to do so intelligently would require thought and heaven preserve them from that diversion!

Why, if they are allowed to think, they may begin to doubt the superiority of man-made public officials. Did not former Governor Gillett tell us that men alone are fitted to govern, proudly crossing his hands on his capacious breast as he emitted this apothegm. Woman's place is in the home, making things pleasant for father, hushing little Johnny's cries so that they shall not render his home-coming unpleasant, saving for him the choice cut of steak if he is late for dinner, wearing last season's frock to enable the head of the house to take his annual vacation, while mother rests at home with the children. That is her sphere, her proud privilege.

Vote? What an absurdity! She may give birth to the male kind, direct his tastes, inculcate good moral teachings and care for him until he is ready to leave home, but beyond the threshold she must not step in his behalf. That is where man's masterly hand moves. He it is who is so much more capable of shaping legislation that has an indirect influence on Johnny's future career, that touches the home at a dozen different angles, that crosses the woman's path in a thousand different ways. Consult woman about these matters? What a reflection on man's judgment! Is he not infallible? Is he not the natural protector of defenseless womanhood?

Glory be! We men are marvelously endowed creatures. We know intuitively what is best for our dependent ones. Of course, we are willing they should tender a suggestion occasionally and if we think well of it, perhaps we will have it enacted into law, always providing they are duly humble in their demeanor and plead hard their cause. Then, to show our magnanimity, we may give them what they entreat. O, there is nothing small about us when we are graciously inclined to please.

What a shame that intelligent women should be dissatisfied with our efforts to save them from annoyance! They cannot fight, ergo, they cannot make laws. Laws are only efficient when enforced and our delegated authority is of the male persuasion. True, that work is relegated to about one per cent of our sex, but that one per cent is of the fighting kind. What's that, women might be content to follow the same course? How ridiculous! Our ninety-nine per cent of non-fighting voters would be shocked by such an unfeminine procedure. Giving her the ballot would unsex her. How could we respect a woman who so far forgot her modesty as to visit a bally booth!

No, sir, by heaven, sir, we believe women are imposed upon enough as it is, without this additional tax. Tax? That is perhaps an unfortunate allusion; they may be permitted to pay their proportion and a little more to help support the government we—ah—create. But, then, men are heaven-made creators. All that is required of women is to meet their assessments with cheerful gratitude and be thankful they are alive. We

will do all the thinking, the voting and the fighting for them—that is, our one per cent will do our fighting.

Let us not fail to stand together October 10 in the effort to keep unnecessary burdens from our women. They may think they ought to have the ballot, but that is merely one of their many delusions. We know better. Although we have had no opportunity to test the sentiment, in our judgment it is only a small minority that is desirous of enfranchisement. We hardly see how we can be mistaken; we are not mistaken. What was good enough for women hundreds of years ago ought to suffice them today. Man, noble man, to the rescue! A bas the ballot for the aspiring sex:

Shoulder to shoulder, a valiant crew,
We, the Fifty, will keep our vows,
Never shall women have ought to do
Other than that which man allows.
Perish the thought that such as they—
Things to caress at the close of day—
Laws of our land shall dare to make,
This we must stop for their sweet sake.
Rally, my brothers, and let's unite
All our forces to win the fight,
Saving our sisters—the precious dears—
Untold troubles and countless tears.
O, what a shame that the weaker sex,
Foolishly seeking their souls to vex,
Burdens would add that we admit
Wouldn't advance their status a bit.
See what a menace to man's estate
Lies in the woman that's down to date;
Give her the franchise and soon shall we
Lose our vaunted supremacy.
Up, my brothers, the days are brief,
This is no time to coddle grief,
Gird on your armor and loose your cash,
Save the women from actions rash.
Let us conserve their precious lives—
Mothers and daughters, sisters and wives.
Ours the onus to storm the walls,
Ours to answer where duty calls.
Into the breach, ye gallant souls,
Women must never reach the polls!

MANIA THAT MAY BE CURED

IT would be interesting to know the history of Mrs. Rose Keating Hutchins, prior to her marriage to Mr. Stilson Hutchins, former owner of the Washington Post, which he founded, and now a wealthy capitalist of the District of Columbia. Mrs. Hutchins was allowed \$1,000 a month for household and personal expenses, but she spent as much again, and in the divorce proceedings she explained to the trial judge that she found it impossible to live "comfortably" on less than \$67 a day. It should be stated that about one-eighth of her monthly expenses went for servants, exclusive of the chauffeur.

Of course, we realize that extravagance in one woman is only ordinary outlay in another, but surely "comfort" may be attained at a lower market price than Mrs. Hutchins places upon it. Possibly, she gave Mr. Hutchins the sort of home he demanded, and, as he is a millionaire, the cost need not have worried him. Psychologically considered, Mrs. Hutchins' early training may have imbued her with foolish notions, or, it may be, that her rich husband is wholly to blame for her prodigality. In any event, we are inclined to agree with Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, Colorado's distinguished suffrage leader, that Mrs. Hutchins is not a normal woman and that all women of her type, possessed of the mania to spend money foolishly, to buy, buy, buy, regardless of cost, are, in a measure, insane.

However, to the credit of American womanhood be it said that this frivolous contingent, this spendthrift portion, comprises a small percentage only of the whole. Never before were the great masses thinking so logically, studying so earnestly, pursuing their avocations so sanely, so admirably, as are the majority of women today. To condemn the sex, en bloc, for the follies of a few

would be as rational as for the women to regard all men as drunken profligates because a proportion of degenerate sons tended that way. In both instances such exhibitions cause the judicious to grieve, but they will not generalize because of the mad doings of a few individuals. Mrs. Hutchins probably has been extremely foolish, but who knows? her millionaire husband may have been largely to blame. Let us not judge by exterior appearances. There may have been interior complications which, if known, would reveal an envious, ambitionless, heart-dried woman with no fixed aim in life. There are many such and the new era which is dawning will do much to dissipate such conditions and inspire to greater and far better things.

QUEER BRAND OF CONSISTENCY

CHIEF in the casket of jewels possessed by Judge John D. Works is that of consistency, his right to which moral attribute none will care to dispute since the senator made his Tuesday night address at the Union League Club. We are not affirming that it is an admirable kind of consistency, since it is of the retroactive brand, but, perhaps opinion is divided on that score, depending wholly on the point of view.

It will be remembered that Judge Works is firmly opposed to the recall of the judiciary, but because the amendment embraces all public officials he will save his conscience by voting in the affirmative on the comfortable theory he has evolved that he should carry out the wishes of the majority. We might suggest that he pair his own vote, as do his distinguished colleagues occasionally in the upper house of congress, and so save his face. But perhaps that would conflict with his idea of consistency.

His adherence to this comfortable doctrine was further demonstrated in his Tuesday night's consideration of Mr. Taft's candidacy for renomination. "I am opposed to the President," was the gist of his argument, "because he does not today represent the Republicans of this country. However plausible he may be, however able, however distinguished, however honorable his services may have been in the past, however sincere his convictions, President Taft is essentially a reactionary. He stands not for the people of this country, but he stands as the representative of the interests." To La Follette the speaker paid his respects in this wise:

On the other side is a gentleman of equally distinguished ability, a man who has fought his way up with all the opposition which could be brought against him, who has redeemed and regenerated the Republican party of his state, and who, by his persistency and his courage and his intelligence, has obtained in his own state one of the best state governments that exists in this country today. Now he represents his state in the United States senate, where he urges those principles that he fought for in his home state.

Following this presentment of the two tentative candidates for the Republican nomination for the presidency, Judge Works said he had not the slightest doubt in the world that Senator La Follette would be chosen if we had the preferential law in all the states. Unfortunately, as he expressed it, such a law is in force in only five states. He feared that the influence of the interests and the machine would be such that La Follette could not be named. While he preferred the latter, he did not propose to abandon his party and go over to the Democrats, as certain of the insurgents have argued would be logical. Much as he admired La Follette he loved his party more, hence he would favor adherence to the nominee of the convention, even if it should be the reactionary Taft.

This is, of course, comforting to California and illustrates Judge Works' consistency. He is for La Follette first, but for the unrepresentative Taft before Wilson or Harmon or whosoever the Democrats may select as their standard bearer; unless, indeed, the Republican party is past redemption, in which event a new party, formed by a coalition of progressive Republicans and Democrats shall get together and name a leader representative of the thinking progressive people of the country.

Apparently, the senator is willing to accept Taft on a Republican platform if its pledges indicate a progressive tendency, which is sound enough in principle, but why not say that where-

as Mr. Taft has made mistakes, his credit marks thus far are largely in excess of his demerits. He is a constructive statesman, whose vetoes, while obnoxious to the extremists, may prove to be the wiser course in the end. We prefer to wait on the next congress and note the report of the expert tariff board and the action of the Republicans in congress, aided by the President, before condemning him out of hand. But this is a brand of consistency Judge Works does not seem to approve.

MILLIONAIRE CRANE AGAIN ERUPTS

ONCE more the millionaire iron manufacturer, Mr. R. T. Crane of Chicago has broken forth in an invective against the higher institutions of learning. His previous point of attack was the college graduate, whose student work he regarded as wasted and a handicap in his business career. Now he is found arraigning the big Eastern universities for the prevalence of drinking and gaming allowed among the student bodies, specifying Columbia as the worst of all, with Harvard, Princeton and Cornell not far behind.

According to Mr. Crane, 90 per cent of the Harvard freshmen drink in their freshman year; 95 per cent in their senior year, and 15 per cent of them go irrevocably to the bad. The self-made ironmonger has conducted a searching investigation, he asserts, of the results of higher or college education and in consequence he declares that universities do more harm than good. Municipal governments, that permit the debauched conditions he describes, come in for a warm share of his denunciation. Part of his report says:

An outsider can scarcely realize the amount of drinking that goes on in the clubrooms of the colleges. Referring particularly to Harvard, I estimate the number of students who combine in a mild degree wine and bad women, 65 per cent; who drink heavily, 35 per cent, and who have two or three "bats" a year also 45 per cent. I do not doubt that even a worse state of affairs exists in other colleges. At Princeton it is beer, beer. The body of students, in my mind, drink even more than Harvard men. On one occasion I believe there must have been more than 300 students dead drunk. At Yale drinking is recognized in so great a degree that clubs have their tables at the bar rooms. I was never so shocked in my life when I found New Haven the dissolute, debauched and whiskey town that it is. Some time ago, the statement appeared in a New Haven paper that there were 2,000 fallen women in that city.

At Cornell the students appear to be more restrained in their drinking, although, like the men at Princeton, they are overfond of beer. More debauchery is charged against Columbia than any other college, due, it is claimed, to its location, New York City. This is, perhaps, natural, since the temptations of the country's metropolis are bound to offer a proportionately greater lure to impressionable young men, removed from parental discipline and guidance. In fact, all colleges owing propinquity to cities of fairly good size are more or less handicapped in their work. Boston, like New York, has many counter-attractions to entice the student from his books, New Haven and Ithaca in their turn furnishing similar lures, only, perhaps, in a milder form. It is a pity that guardians of sober and mature minds cannot be appointed to attend their wards at college, but, alas, it is not possible. The young man must make his own fight and form his own character, aided and abetted, of course, by good associations and good instructors.

Here on the coast many parents prefer to send their sons to Stanford because of the semi-isolation of the university, San Francisco being forty miles away—hence more difficult to reach than from the State University at Berkeley. But, even at Stanford, the beer and liquor habit threatened to play havoc with college discipline and college students until the authorities, with a stern resolve to suppress it at all hazards, succeeded in imbuing the men with the understanding that infractions of the rules governing this folly would invite expulsion. Only after a number of examples had been made was this tendency to drink finally discouraged.

That the habit, however, is not nearly so pronounced in the Western universities, notably Illinois, Michigan, Northwestern, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Berkeley and Stanford, may be attributable to the coeducational system prevailing, although, of course, Cornell may be cited in dis-

proof of this theory. Yet at the latter university, as Mr. Crane admits, the drinking is less pronounced. It is fair to assume, in view of this showing, that the presence of women students does have a restraining influence on the young men. Of course, it will be argued that the Eastern colleges are contiguous to greater opportunities for going wrong, which cannot be denied. We prefer to believe, however, that the average student in the Western college is more intent on gaining an education than in consorting with lewd companions in public beer halls.

Naturally, the publication of Mr. Crane's indictment has aroused a bitter disclaimer from among those under arraignment. Harvard professors and alumni are found characterizing the charges as untrue and absurd, a gross exaggeration of the facts. In refutation they point to the numerous brilliant graduates the country's history holds. What is described by Mr. Crane as customary is declared to be unusual, particularly the consorting of students with questionable women in the Boston cafes, where money is said to be spent with reckless prodigality. This, it is vehemently asserted, is not a truthful picture of student life at Cambridge, but merely an isolated feature.

Truth is, Mr. Crane is constitutionally opposed to colleges and all institutions of higher education. He has been indulging in forays against professors and college graduates for years. It is always easy to find what one is looking for, and in searching for evidence of drunkenness and debauchery, Mr. Crane, having found them, classifies them as typical instead of spasmodic or individual. A life-long apprenticeship to hard work with none of the joys of a university career to treasure has not conduced to that frame of mind that can appreciate to the full a college experience. Not all, by any means, not 10 per cent of the college men waste their opportunities, Mr. Crane.

GRAPHITES

Apparently, Russia's "Iron Man" Premier P. A. Stolypin of St. Petersburg has at last met his fate at the hands of an assassin. He may recover, but the issue is doubtful at this writing. Like our own Lincoln, he was shot in a theater as he sat in his private box, the Czar being only a few feet from him in the royal box. The assailant fired two shots, the second entering the victim's body, perforating a lung and causing a fracture of the spine. It is believed the wound is mortal. The assassin is a lawyer named Bogrof, who was borne off to prison expressing his satisfaction over the deed. Twice before efforts to take Premier Stolypin's life have been made, once in 1905 when he was governor of Saratov, and again in 1906 when as premier he was holding a reception at his country house. The bomb that was intended to annihilate him missed its mark, but killed the premier's son and daughter, together with thirty other persons. The third attempt appears to have been more successful. The Czar, naturally, was greatly shocked, retiring in haste to his palace. He has always supported Stolypin in his vigorous measures to suppress the terrorists.

Shades of Neal Dow! How the returns from Maine this week would have made him turn hot and cold in rapid succession, had he been alive today to receive them. "Dry, by 250 votes!" "Wet, by 300 majority!" "Dry by a scant 200!" "Wet by 150!" And so the changes were rung every twenty-four hours, until the fifth day, when the official returns gave a majority of 200 against the repeal of the amendment. Whereupon, the great apostle of prohibition in the old Pine Tree state might have sunk back contented, exclaiming, with that other apostle, "Lord, let now thy servant depart in peace." But it is not peace yet. In view of the narrow margin, the "wets" will demand a recount of the vote, charging irregularities in many localities election day, which, possibly, may yet reverse the apparent decision of the people. However, the vote denotes a great change in public sentiment in the state of recent years.

Queer Freaks of Politics

I hear that Edwin T. Earl's name is not among those who signed the primary election petition for Mayor Alexander. Also, that Meyer Lissner's name is missing from the document. In their stead, however, occur the signatures of Motley H. Flint and several others who in the past have not been overly enthusiastic for the mayor. Truly, a queer game is politics.

AMONG THE PROGRESSIVE WOMEN

LEST SHE REGRET

[Fifty of Los Angeles' prominent citizens have come forward in opposition to women's suffrage, from motives of chivalry.]

Oh! dare we aim the idle jest,
Or deem it other than sublime,
When one idea consumes the breast
Of fifty patriots at a time;
The happy thought that women (bless 'em!)
Shall not have ballots to distress 'em.

No creatures of inferior caste
Are these whose fevered lungs are loosed;
Stern lungs that uttered in the past
One only slogan—"Buy and boost!"
Of such as these one dare not say
That chivalry is cheap today.

Ah, no! These fifty pregnant souls
Are sworn to champion home and beauty;
No female prancing to the polls
Shall woo these Lucii Junii Bruti.
Contra, they ask us, where the blazes
Do women get these futile crazes?

They know the world is fraught with guile,
That suffrage breeds a coarsened grain;
That man, proverbially vile,
Exploits his vote for private gain.
And shall such motives, only more so,
Inflame, they ask, the female torso?

Shall she whom cautious nature planned
For dignified domestic cares
Come bouncing in and take a hand
In government's supreme affairs?
Perish presumption such as hers!
The game is not for amateurs.

For her the stationary tub,
And gossip, red in tooth and claw;
For her to babble at the club
Of Ibsenlinck and Something Shaw;
For her to soothe, with antic toys,
An offspring's fractured equipoise.

Content with coiffure and cuisine,
And fashion's transitory glories,
Why should she care a jumping bean
Or for suffragium or honores,
Or shirking nice domestic matters,
Harass the scalps of poor standpatters?

What need for woman to contrive
For public life's elusive boons,
When altruistic lawyers thrive,
And patriots who keep saloons?
And how can she remain a queen
When she is bucking the machine?

Strong arguments, my friends! And lent
A twofold strength by glowing souls
Whose record shows a common bent
For being absent from the polls;
Who never risked their country's weal
By an excess of civic zeal.

But, O, can chivalry be dead,
Except to these illustrious few?
Do they alone, when all is said,
Know what the world is coming to,
When woman kicks across the traces,
And hits the more exalted places?

Appalling thought! Can we be wrong
Who greet with Philistine guffaws
The band of champions, fifty strong,
Who for our wives' sake bid us pause,
Crying, "O, swat the suffragette!"
Lest she regret! Lest she regret!"

ALGOL.

Sh—Sh—Sh!

Within the League of Fifty's camp
No sound of fife or drum,
And as the loyal come and go,
The countersign is "Mumm."

All day and night, with noiseless tread,
A speechless sentry stalks;
Why all this "golden" silence
When they say that "money talks?"

LILIAN DU BOIS WHEELER.

REPLY TO THE LEGEND OF AIGUILLON

By Clifford Howard

GOING back to a musty French legend, six hundred years old, to find an argument against woman suffrage, is but characteristic of all anti-suffrage opposition. All arguments against the political equality of women are drawn from the pages of ancient history. These self-same reasons—woman's inability to fight, woman's physiological peculiarities woman's place in the home, etc.—have all done service time after time throughout the centuries, in a vain effort to check the progress and development of the mothers of the race.

This legend of the women of Aiguillon, cited by Mr. Patton to prove that women should not vote because they will not fight, what does it show us as a matter of fact? These women had been left alone at home, with only the priests and the male valetudinarians of the province, their husbands and sons having gone to the wars with the Duke of Aquitaine. The chronicler of the story, with the same fine contempt for women that characterizes certain of our men today, tells us that the women grew proud and idle, and that the light-headed and gossip among them conceived the idea of demanding a vote in the parish councils.

The fact that these women asked to take part in the councils of the parish is at once a direct refutation of the slander as to the idleness and light-headedness of these dames. Idle, proud, light-headed women do not put themselves out to seek work and responsibility. The real truth of the matter is, that the men, having left the province to engage in the profession of killing their fellowmen for the mere love of sport—for there was not one scrap of need or reason for the war precipitated by the disgruntled Robert of Artois between Edward of England and Philip of France—these neglected women found themselves burdened not only with their normal domestic duties, but also with the upkeep of the farms and all of the other larger and heavier duties of community life, which, under a proper division of labor, belong to the men.

Small wonder is it, therefore, that these neglected women, left solely to their own resources to shoulder all the responsibilities of the community household, demanded of the few remaining men the right to a voice in the councils of the parish. And, of course, these few remaining men, outnumbered by the women ten to one, and all of them pensioners upon the women, indignantly and proudly refused their demand. The male drone, or the drunken parasite was worth a hundred mothers in the governance of a community involving directly the welfare of the homes and the children and the management and preservation of the farms!

What does the good bishop do to show the reasoning of the men and the utter folly of the women? He says to the women, if you would wear the breeches you must be prepared to do men's duties. The Duke of Aquitaine is calling for more recruits. We will give you the vote on condition that you will each of you shoulder a pike and go to war.

Evidently, the Bishop of Bordeaux was the Dogberry of his day; and what shall we think of a man of this generation who seriously quotes this six-century-old decision as an argument against granting the franchise to the women of California! The women of Aiguillon asked for the vote for the sole reason that their men had left them alone at home devolving upon their shoulders the duties and responsibilities of maintaining the home. How, therefore, is it possible for any normal intelligence to detect the slightest resemblance to reason in the decision of the Bishop of Bordeaux? What earthly sense was there in demanding that the women should go to war, when their expressed wish was to stay at home and attend to their duties? Of what value would the vote have been to them had they gone to war? As well might we grant permission to a boy to fish in our pond, provided he would stay away and camp in the desert.

After the bishop had delivered himself of this piece of absurdity, he further emphasized his lack of wit by reciting to the women, as applicable to them, a fable about the fieldmice that enacted a hundred outlandish and silly laws for the government of the animal kingdom, but which they had not the physical power to enforce. The bishop hugged the idea that laws are only enforced and obeyed by slashing off heads and otherwise disfiguring one's fellow citizens, and that when-

ever there was a war on the program it was for the purpose of enforcing the law. Had the women of Aiguillon not been overawed by the audacity of his imbecility, they would no doubt have replied by asking him what particular laws the Duke of Aquitaine was at that particular time enforcing in his marauding expeditions and his occasional fights with the English; and they might have gone further and told him also that were they given the vote in their own little parish and if at any time it really became necessary to resort to force of arms, they were quite equal to the task of spanking any of the good-for-nothing men that were idling around the place and allowing the women to work for them.

AT THE WOMAN'S CITY CLUB

MORE than three hundred members of the Woman's City Club were present at the usual Monday luncheon of that organization at the Westminster Hotel, when Miss Helen McGregor Todd, state factory inspector of Illinois, spoke on "Women and Children in Industry." Miss Todd recited graphically the long and bitter struggle made by the club women and society matrons of Illinois in attempting to better the conditions of working women in getting a child labor law through the legislature. She described the glass factories where little children labored through the entire night in such a terrific heat that they often dropped from exhaustion. "Four million children are laboring in our country, long before their bodies and brains are strong enough to stand the strain. In the list of twenty-three countries America stands eleventh in the death rate of children and babies, and in Chicago, which is said to be the worst city in infant mortality, a baby dies every two and a half hours from diseases which can be prevented by proper conditions," declared Miss Todd. After these remarks, the speaker deflected to woman suffrage, to the evident disappointment of the club women, who wanted to hear more of the scheduled topic. While her listeners agreed with her that women could ameliorate many wrong conditions were they given the ballot, they became restless when she ungracefully condemned the anti-suffrage club recently organized in this city by fifty well known citizens. She betrayed ignorance of their identity by her remarks, and did more harm than good to the cause by her ill-chosen words. By refusing to acknowledge that there are two sides to every question and that each person is entitled to his honest convictions, suffragists of Miss Todd's type are merely playing into the hands of their enemies, who will blazon forth the fact that "it's just like a woman." There are many women in the City Club with sanity of judgment and unprejudiced minds who warmly sympathize with Miss Todd's efforts to give the children, the future citizens of the republic, a right start, but who deeply resent her attitude toward the "other side."

"Anti" Chivalry

Show us the villain who ever said
"The art of chivalry is dead."
We want to punch his witless head—
For we're the Committee of Fifty!

We knights and scholars and men of trade
Are going forth in a great crusade
To "swat" the votes for matron and maid—
For we're the Committee of Fifty!

"Undesirable" and "inexpedient"
To give her a voice in the government,
Her "say" in the home we cannot prevent—
Laments the Committee of Fifty.

We don't want woman to butt in
On all our games of graft and sin—
We want to protect her from such chagrin,
Protests the Committee of Fifty.

To add to her burdens the right to vote,
Or force her aboard the political boat,
Would absence of chivalry denote,
Declares the Committee of Fifty.

Without the vote, the woman has "class"—
(The same as the idiot, or criminal mass);
The ballot might make her a man—or an ass—
Fears the gallant Committee of Fifty.

And so they are making a great crusade,
These knights and scholars and men of trade,
To "swat" the votes for matron and maid.
Courageous Committee of Fifty!

LILIAN DU BOIS WHEELER.

WHAT "GOING HOME" MEANS

I SUPPOSE I was fortunate to get the "last upper berth left," as the Pullman ticket agent, in what were meant to be congratulatory tones, assured me was the case. I thought I was to be felicitated until I boarded the car. Compartment 6, of which I was entitled to half the space, was fairly well occupied. Father, mother and two tow-headed children filled the two seats comfortably. Father, who was hollow-cheeked, round-shouldered and with loosely-hung clothes—unmistakably a "lunger," odious phrase—moved over a few inches when I apologetically called attention to my upper voucher. The children stared, their mother, rather a comely young person, mildly regarded me and then fell to eating sticky candy which she shared with the children. At intervals the towheads leaped across my shins, or, rather, failing to get clean over, they barked my ankles and in attempting to prevent a spill of their little frames they grabbed my light trousers with their begrimed fingers and were saved!

"Children, be quiet," from mother, after which admonition she resumed her reading of the Saturday Evening Post.

Father was more emphatic. He raised up enough to release pressure against my left side and cuffed the smaller of the towheads on the cheek. Loud cries from youngster. Mother dropped her periodical, looked resentful, grabbed the injured one and in snuggling her up to her breast managed to prick the child's face with a pin, drawing blood, at sight of which the cries were redoubled. I wriggled out of my corner, closed the book I had been vainly trying to read and escaped to the smoker, not to return until the car was in darkness and lower six all tucked away.

* * *

Everybody except myself appeared to be "going home," after a more or less protracted stay at the ocean front resorts contiguous to Los Angeles. Interchanges of conversation emanating from compartments 1 to 12 and back again were floating through car space continuously.

"Going home?" questioned Lower 2 of Lower 5.

"You bet! Been away since first o' June. Glad to get back, too. How about you?"

"Same here," admitted Lower 2, a black-bearded, sallow-faced man, with a wife and two daughters. "Moving in off the ranch this season; must get near the schools for the girls."

So it went. The whole car was Arizona bent and had been summering at Long Beach, Santa Monica, Redondo Beach and San Pedro, principally, with periods of absence ranging from May 1 to July 1. All seemed to be well satisfied with the treatment they had received and referred affectionately to Los Angeles and Southern California as if contact meant much more to them than to the average tourist from the East, as, in fact, it does. The Arizonan invariably says, "I guess I'll take a 'run over' to California," rarely "I'm going to California." There is always the intimate quality embodied in his traveling to the coast. Let us hope this will ever be the case.

* * *

There were twenty-three children, from babes in arms to young misses in Peter Thompson suits. Tanned and fat and freckled for the major part. "No race suicide in this car," chuckled a traveling man who looked in through the open door. He was right. Arizona is rich in its youthful population, which is needed in the upbuilding of the new state. I scanned closely the offspring of the tubercular father and the comely young mother of lower 6, but could detect no signs of physical weakness in the healthy little white-haired youngsters. Perhaps the theory that the disease is not necessarily transmitted is a correct one, but when I heard that horrible hawk! hawk! at 5 o'clock in the morning, I confess to misgivings. Also, I hastily dressed and again fled to the smoker. That raucous sound rasps my soul. I was astonished to note with what indifference the mother allowed her children to drink from the cup her husband had left partially filled and even to use his handkerchief on their faces. These acts made me shudder. Such colossal ignorance of cause and effect would have made Dr. George H. Kress cry out with despair had he observed them.

* * *

We were sitting in the smoker, engrossed by a story of personal experience of a former member of the First Colorado Volunteers in the Philippines, when a coatless man rushed in and asked, "Is there a doctor among you? A woman has a serious hemorrhage in the car ahead." A quiet young man stood up. "I am not a licensed physician," he announced, "but as superintendent of St. Luke's Free Home for Consumptives at Phoenix I have had considerable experience in similar cases. In fact, I always carry restoratives with me." He slipped out, was gone half an hour and

then rejoined us. "Yes, I was able to stop the flow," he assured me. "The woman is in a bad way, but with good care she may live for years. I have seen many worse cases get well." He added:

"Two years ago I was on my way home from Tucson, half dozing in my berth, when I heard an agonizing cry from a man whose sick wife had to be transferred from the sleeper at the next station. How to get her out, he did not know. I raised up and called to him.

"My friend, don't worry. At Maricopa you will find a cot in the baggage room. Bring it into the car, place your wife on it and she can be carried onto the other train, which waits for us, without the least jar to the patient."

"Will you help me?" he begged. "Certainly," said I, getting up and dressing at once. I found the cot where I knew it would be, carried it aboard, gently laid the suffering woman on it and the husband and I, followed by the weeping daughter, had no trouble in making the transfer. My, how grateful they were!

"Two years later, I was at a musical recital at Phoenix, with my wife, when I heard my name called. A blooming young woman was saying, 'Here's our preserver, mother!' The mother was the one I had helped to carry out of the sleeper as described. At that time she seemed to be in the last stages of dissolution. I could scarcely believe that the rather buxom woman with placid face framed in crispy gray hair was the one I had gazed on so sadly, believing her hours were numbered. But, bless your heart," he exclaimed, "there are scores of such instances that might be cited of seemingly miraculous recovery out here. It is a God-given climate!"

* * *

Of course, there are countless cases where hope is abandoned. Returning from Phoenix I saw the familiar long box being loaded into the baggage car and knew that one more sufferer was at peace. At Maricopa I stood watching the El Paso train switching back to take our sleeper through to Los Angeles. A heavy-eyed man of about thirty, who stood near me, winced slightly as the impact, unnecessarily severe, effected the coupling. He spoke:

"My wife and I were asleep in our berth about a year ago when we were forcibly awakened by a tremendous crash caused by a faulty coupling. My head struck the partition and was given such a wrench that I could not straighten my neck for three weeks. Fortunately, my wife was not injured." He paused a moment, swallowed, and added, huskily, "She's in the baggage car now; I've just brought the body down from Phoenix."

Six years, six beautiful years together, thank God! Then he turned hastily as I murmured my sympathy and buried his grief in the car.

S. T. C.

UNFAIR PURLOINING OF POETIC THEME

IN the July number of that excellent magazine, The Craftsman, appeared a poem reprinted from the New York Independent "by courtesy," entitled "A Song Domestic," by Mary Brecht Pulver. Alas, that literary ghoul there are who have no respect for the laws of meum et tuum! In the August number of the Southland Magazine, a Los Angeles publication, was printed a poem called "A Song, Fiery," written by Warren McIntire, who is the editor of the magazine. Lest I should be accused of doing him injustice in charging him with the pilfering of a literary idea, without acknowledgment, I append both poems. The original, by Mary Brecht Pulver, is to the left of the parallel column, that of Mr. McIntire's to the right:

I sing of my kitchen!
Sing you of cathedrals;
of dim, purple crypt;
of dimpling brook; of
wind-swept grasses;
of sun-pageants; of
festal boards a-glitter
with cheer of silver
and crystal—
Sing you of the heart—
of tears—of laughter
of love—
But I sing of Life—of
that whence emanates
the sap of life; of the
shrine of things domestic—the kitchen.
For birth and death
may be achieved without
it, but it is life's
necessity.

Into the fabric of my
song are woven many
things. Humble things!
My teakettle!
A great plump-should-
ered vessel singing

I sing of my fireplace!
Sing you of the fields;
of dank, ferny woods;
of bounding surf; of
pellucid stream; of
flower pageant; of
sun-kissed meadows;
of hearts aglow in
brilliant foyer—
Sing you of love—of
hate—of joy—of sad-
ness—
But I sing of Hearth—of
that whence comes the
radiance of domestic-
ity; of the magnet of
life 'neath the roof—
the fireplace. For fame
and fortune may be
achieved without it,
but it is content's
lodestone.

Into the vagaries of my
song are chorded many
things. Wondrous
things! The embers!
Red, sputtering, spitting,
blushing, fading;

its time-old bubbly
chant.

(The day is great with-
out, with a plaintive,
whining little wind
fumbling at the win-
dow.) But my tea-
kettle purrs softly on,
humming quietly to it-
self.

What are you crooning,
O teakettle?

"It is a lullaby I sing.
Long ago I learned it
—I and my brothers.
The first teakettle sang
it from the hob-corner
—sang it to a little one
sleeping in its cradle
by the fire. The moth-
er wrought at her
spindle and pushed the
cradle with her foot.
She sang alone to the
child, and her song was
of the gray sea out-
side, of the fishing ves-
sels and the bleak
winds. And while she
sang the wind moaned
in the chimney and the
babe fretted, for her
song came from a
grieving heart. And
the kettle, pondering,
knew this, and at
length commenced to
sing this same little
lullaby of mine, and
the babe slept, and at
length also the sad
mother.

But of the song I can-
not tell more save that
it has in it peace—
and comfort—and the
whisper of Eternity."

(The little wind frets
without and wails
down the chimney.)

I look into my fire-box.

What a cheerful, ruddy
mass! The glowing
coals! They, too, mur-
mur and sing and leap
with vivid color-play:
"We burn. We burn.
That you may have
warmth to boil your
kettle—to roast your
meats—to bake your
great loaves. We give
our lives to be con-
sumed for you,
Cheerfully, cheerfully."

The ranks of shining tins
and coppers! My will-
ing servitors they.

Let the winds assail.
Let the nip of Novem-
ber wait outside—
whose heart can fail
to be staunch here at
the household shrine?
For its voice is of
peace and the good-
ness of things.

My stove, all radiant,
invites alluringly. Sit
with me here this gray
afternoon and listen to
the soft little life
sounds. My old clock
ticking the passing of
the hours; my old cat
breathing deep drafts
of peace at my feet;
my kettle bubbling—
bubbling its sleepy lul-
laby—my fire chirring,
whispering warmly, re-
buking the wind, that
tries to creep down it.

Warm! warm! warm as
love—warm as Life—
the very heart of God
speaks here.

If one were not familiar with the source of the

brightening coals. (The
night is chill without.
A restless breeze taps
at the shutters and
quivers the panes.)
But the coals crimson
and flare and darken,
snappishly, unmindful.
What would you tell to
me, O embers?

"It is a tale of the long
centuries dead—ages
ago ere we hissed and
spit and snarled—we
and our kindred. Gaunt
forms, male and fe-
male, crouched, hudd-
led, within a frigid
cave. Female and
male, they shivered
and trembled in the
damp and dark. The
hairy body, the vile
odored hide, warmed
them not. Male and
female, they gnawed
ravenously at the raw
flesh of beast and fowl
and fish. Children
wailed and turned
blue, nor ceased their
shrieks but to draw
from the teat their
sustenance. Afo, the
chief; Afo, of prodig-
ious strength and much
prowess, cursed gut-
turally that the babes
should bewail icy
blasts. He seized
stones to crush them.
In his hands they
crashed together, the
stones. A spark flash-
ed to the brush of
couch. And then we—
the embers—snapped
and sputtered at Afo,
and male and female
and infants at the
breast.

But of what they said,
those first embers, I
can tell no more save
that they talked to
Afo and his kind of
warmth—of comfort—
and the tale of great
things to be done by
their magic."

(The night wind grows
strong without and
whistles adown the
flue.)

I heap more logs, high,
on the grate.

How the sparks fly up!
The shooting sparks!
They, too, spit and hiss
and jump like a shoal
of gems in a pearl sea.
"We glow. We die. That
you may have heat to
warm your body—to
cheer your soul—to
feed your thoughts—to
awaken your dreams.
We die a-borning for
your content.

Uncomplainingly, gold-
enly, magically."

The heavy, dull, massive
andirons! A check to
the logs, they. Masters
of the fire.

Let the storm rise. Blow,
ye winds, o'er shingle,
around turret, through
blighted gardens
bare—whose soul can
ye chill before the ra-
diance of these flames?
For the embers speak
of calm and protection
and the peace beyond
explaining. Of Home!

My fire! Radiant! In-
viting! Gather close
with me this withering
eve. See the faces of
old chums that come
and go. The pageant
of the ages old. Van-
ished, the worries of
life, in the hazy, ed-
dying gases. Heed not
the chimes of clock,
nor watchman's toll—
my fire flashing—dy-
ing—rising—falling—
snarling at the tem-
pest that futilely
tries to steal its
breath, its life.

Contentment—dreams
—warmth; warmth
like love—the bene-
diction of God in fire—
in my fireplace.

McIntire inspiration. "A Song, Fiery" would be accounted highly meritorious, but, alas, the palpable appropriation of idea, treatment and sequence of thought makes it impossible to do otherwise than score the plagiarist for his unwarranted purloining of another's brilliance. This bald appropriation of a poetical theme recalls the wholesale stealing of Harold McGrath's story "The Revolt of Caliban," to reappear in Lee Arthur's drama of "The Fox." I am glad to say I was instrumental in compelling the "adapter" to share his royalties with the originator of his plot and dialogue. Mr. McIntire perhaps knows of the exposure I made of George V. Hobart's steal from George Ade, whose two poems I reprinted in The Graphic in parallel columns, as in this instance. It is not pleasant to uncover duplicity of this nature, but I hold that the plagiarist is entitled to no consideration at the hands of a critic.

S. T. C.

INTERESTING REVIVALS ON BROADWAY

AMONG the many revivals of last season, not the least interesting was "The Squaw Man," which was necessitated by a delay in the preparation of "The Silent Call," the new play by the same author, in which Dustin Farnum was to appear. "The Squaw Man" is a genuinely good melodrama, which deserves to live. It has the art interest, romance and an atmosphere which, however untrue it may be to fact, carries conviction because it fits in with the ideas that our romantic writers have taught us to associate with the ideas of Western life. Except for Lady Elizabeth Wynnegan and her daughter, Lady Mabel, the parts were all well taken. To be sure, these were minor characters, and, luckily, on the stage but a short time in the first act; nevertheless they were disturbing. With all the improvement that has taken place in the staging of plays in the last twenty years, it is a surprise to find certain conventionally false mannerisms still indissolubly associated with certain roles. Just why in this day the lady mother should be allowed to talk in an unnatural tone that removes her many degrees from the real person that she is supposed to represent, is an unfathomed mystery, especially when there are capable actresses to be had, who, keeping pace with the march of progress, are ready and willing to play small parts in a natural and befitting manner. When so much good may be said of a performance, this may seem a small matter to carp at, but this apparently unimportant bit marred a whole act by creating an impression of unreality difficult to recover from, and presenting a serious obstacle in the beginning of the play. The thankless part that does little more than open a play should at least be in key and should put the audience in the proper frame of mind to receive the remainder of the play.

* * *

However, "The Squaw Man" is good enough to recover, in the second act, from any number of badly-played mothers. The scene in the Long Horn saloon, Maverick, Wyoming, is rich in color and the Cash Hawkins of W. S. Hart is a fine impersonation of a bold, bad man, with a delightful smile and the proper quota of teeth to emphasize a ready pistol. For love of a woman, his cousin's wife, James Wynnegan takes upon himself the guilt of the cousin who has embezzled a large sum of money entrusted to his care, and flying to America establishes himself on a ranch. He comes in conflict with Cash Hawkins in a saloon and his life is saved by a little Indian girl, who shoots the drink-befuddled Hawkins as he is about to kill him; once again she saves his life when he is lost in the mountains, and still again when ill of fever she nurses him back to health. He repays her devotion by marrying her, though as a squaw man, he will lose cast in the rough and ready new land that he has come to call home. He sees only the hopelessness of his position and the inevitableness of the exile he has imposed upon himself. He cannot foresee the death of his cousin and the confession that would set him free.

* * *

Nat-U-Rich is not much more than a child, but she understands two things: Love for her man and love for her child. And when the husband, heir to wide acres in England and an English title, though yielding everything dear to him, to her claim upon him sends her son to England to receive the education of an English gentleman, she is hit in a vital spot and she kills herself. She is saved suffering, for the sheriff knows that she killed Hawkins, and, anxious to win re-election, has decided to offer her as a sacrifice. James Wynnegan can go back with his son and the woman he loves, to the England he loves and the place he has shown himself worthy to occupy. As he stands there with the body of the little Indian wife in his arms we are satisfied with the

romance and respond with a thrill. The end of "The Squaw Man" is a good beginning for the new play "The Silent Call," which tells what becomes of the little son with the Indian blood that will call him to the land of his fathers, as surely as England called his father.

* * *

Mr. Farnum makes a very picturesque squaw man, and even if he fails to convince in the deeper emotions, he is good to look at and he sounds well. George Fawcett as Big Bill, who has not lost his temper in twenty years, is still as delightful as he was; May Irwin lost an asset when he stepped out of "Getting a Polish" to resume this role. Perhaps the most interesting characterization in this play is the impersonation of Tabywana, peace chief of the Utes, by Theodore Roberts. Mr. Roberts has a delightfully sure touch in whatever he does. The scene where he smokes the pipe of peace and with the aid of an interpreter tells the squaw man his fears is really splendid. It is to be hoped that the drama will not be allowed to die. It is too pretty for that.

* * *

Mr. W. A. Brady has established the custom of reviving each spring an old time melodrama. This year it was "Lights o' London," by George R. Sims, first produced in 1881. He gathered a notable cast of players. William Courtenay, Charles Richman, Doris Keane, Holbrook Blinn, Thomas A. Wise, Douglas Fairbanks, Lawrence D'Orsay, Jeffreys Lewis, Marguerite Clark and about twelve others were sufficient to attract good houses for a month. The novelty of a real villain, a real hero, a real emotional heroine and genuine old time comic relief appealed to Broadway and it demanded all the melodramatic apertures—even the procession of principal actors across the stage at the end of the fourth act, that it might cheer the good people and hiss the villain. Though these revivals make us realize the advance in play writing in the last thirty years, away from the primitive and the obvious toward the subtle and surprising, they make us also realize that there was unusually good character drawing in the old plays—and when our memories go back far enough we realize that the older writers knew how to appeal to their generation as the new ones who would now be successful must appeal to the present generation.

ANNE PAGE.

New York, September 16, 1911.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

OUR trade winds are supposed to be exceedingly invigorating and this, indeed, is San Francisco's choicest season of the year, with generous sunshine and balmy but bracing breeze. Therefore, I wonder all the more at the lassitude frequently betrayed by Angelans after a few hours' visit here. Surely, this old town is not too hot for the Southern Californian, inured to warmth. And yet, but yesterday I met "Jim" Burns, strolling laboriously up O'Farrell street, with his straw hat in hand and complaining of the temperature; at noon I ran into James Foshay in the St. Francis hotel, apparently just coming down to breakfast, and a few hours later I glimpsed 'Gene Fishburn, fast asleep in an automobile on Market street. And it was only a week or so ago I happened upon a quartet of young California Club blades, leaving Tait's at about 9:30 p. m., all looking as if the San Francisco climate was too much for them. Nevertheless, Los Angelans, young and old, seem to like San Francisco. It is a safe wager that you cannot walk three blocks without running into one, and by the same token, it is always good to see them.

* * *

P. H. McCarthy's lines are not cast in pleasant pools just now. He never was so popular a figure as his predecessor, Eugene Schmitz, but he seems to have lost whatever popularity he once enjoyed. Probably five or six thousand people were out at the Stadium in Golden Gate Park Monday to witness Aviator Fowler's start for his transcontinental flight. Jim Rolph, who took a prominent part in the "send-off" proved a popular figure with the crowd. "P. H." arrived late and only just in time to shake hands with Fowler before he mounted his aerial steed. The crowd recognized McCarthy without any demonstration, until an irreverent person sang out to the aviator, "Aw, take P. H. with you. We ain't got no use for him here!" This irreverent and illiterate sally provoked an appreciative roar of laughter and jeers. Alas, P. H.! A straw, perhaps, but a straw!

All the orators nightly assure the listening multitudes that never were the interest and conscience of San Francisco so aroused as at this campaign. But neither candidate seems to be able to find an issue. The union labor candidates are now shouting their heads off that the real issue

is "McCarthy and living wages"—whether the exposition shall be built by union labor or with the open shop. But Rolph, of course, will not admit there is any issue here so far as he is concerned. "I have always been devoted to the principle and practice of union labor," he says, "I have never employed any but union labor and never intend to. I could not be more faithful and earnest for labor's cause if I carried a union card myself." And so on, ad nauseam. Rolph's campaign speeches are, indeed, pitifully infirm efforts, platitudinous and inane. I listened to him again last night, and this is a fair sample of his oratory:

Friends, I cannot begin to express how grateful I am and gratified [if it were not for redundancy, Mr. Rolph's speeches would be colorless] at this splendid reception. You know where I stand and what I stand for. I was born in a tenement house on Minna street, between Seventh and Eighth, and have lived in the Mission all my life. The people in the Mission know what Jim Rolph stands for and know his heart is in the right place. [Loud applause.] This, my friends, is a whispering campaign, and let me warn you against those that are whispering against me. If any man has anything to say against Jim Rolph I want to meet him face to face. Don't heed the whisperers, my friends. You union labor men—and I am glad there are so many of you here tonight, and also union labor leaders on the same platform with me here—know that there is not, cannot be, and never will be a truer friend and a more faithful supporter of union labor than Jim Rolph. [Loud applause.] Let me tell you, my friends, that Jim Rolph will always stand where he has always stood, for union labor, and I challenge any man to produce one iota of evidence to the contrary. My friends, we want a united San Francisco to build the exposition, and if you elect me at the primaries, as I feel sure you will, [cries of "You bet you, Jim!" and "Sure thing, Jim!"] I will, as mayor, try to serve San Francisco and make a united San Francisco for the exposition with the same energy and fidelity as Jim Rolph has striven for all his life. My friends, I thank you. [Prolonged applause.]

Poor Mr. Rolph does this six, seven or eight times every night, after shaking hands all day. Surely he has even more to bear than those who listen to him in superheated and insanitary "halls." Very edifying and wholesome, isn't it?

* * *

Your golfers certainly made a brave showing in the big tournament at Del Monte last week and won more than trophies, the reputation for good sportsmanship and fellowship. A Los Angelen, E. S. Armstrong of Annandale, captured the Del Monte championship. Judge Fredrickson fought his way to the semi-finals, and Norman Macbeth and Nat Wilshire, both proved their equality with the best golfers of the North. That stalwart pioneer of the game on the Pacific coast, "Uncle Edward" Tufts, always a doughty match-player, cool and crafty, came near capturing the Del Monte cup, while among the women, Mrs. Eliot, the runner-up for the ladies' championship, Mrs. Frank Griffith, winner of the consolation, and Miss Katherine Mellus nobly upheld the honor of the Southern clubs. "Joe" Cook was a welcome revisitor to Del Monte links, after more than a decade's absence, and another veteran, "Jim" Mellus, returns home to tell of the liveoak hazards and wonderful feats on the nineteenth green.

* * *

What is fame? I notice in this morning's journals that "Colonel J. B. Linkershire (sic) has sailed from Bremen on the Great Western," and that James A. Foshay, "superintendent of schools in Los Angeles, is in the city." Do your newspapers treat our eminent citizens thus?

* * *

Stanley Guthrie of Los Angeles has been elected business manager of the Stanford Quad, the university's "annual," and I. Ingraham is one of the editors on athletics. Miss Parkinson is also attached to the staff in a place of distinction. Tom Coleman has been elected president of the Senior class and Alvin Frank president of the Junior class. Glory enough for Los Angeles.

* * *

San Francisco at last is to have a symphony orchestra. Sufficient funds have been raised to warrant a two years' contract with an able director at a salary of \$10,000 a year.

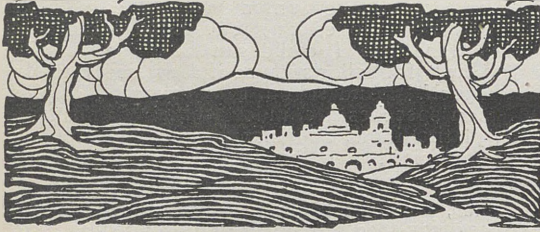
* * *

Mr. Samuel Gompers, high priest and plenipotentiary of organized labor, addressed the Commonwealth Club Saturday and is now in Los Angeles to put the final touches on the McNamaras' defense.

* * *

Mr. George B. Ellis, a shade grayer in the hair, was in our city last week, standing on the corner and looking very handsome. Governor Johnson is not attending the session of the House of Governors at Spring Lake, New Jersey. "The Spring Maid" is at the Columbia and "Baby Mine" at the Cort. R. H. C.
San Francisco, September 12, 1911.

By the Way



Max Figman's Handicap

At luncheon with Max Figman Wednesday, the well-known actor referred rather whimsically to his anomalous position in Los Angeles at this visit. "Here I am," said Max, "the creator of 'Mary Jane's Pa,' of the 'Man on the Box,' and other repertory characters, yet because our New York agent has sold the stock rights to their production to Messrs. Morosco and Blackwood I am estopped from appearing in my exclusive roles. It seems ridiculous and yet I have no recourse. However, I shall hope to interest the public in my 'Dick Swiveller' in the 'Old Curiosity Shop' version which we shall put on at the Auditorium next Thursday night. At the Alcazar in San Francisco, in Seattle and in Portland the people were delighted with this Dickens play and my delineation of Dick. I believe it has not been given here before, certainly not by me." Max Figman is fully as interesting off the stage as he is on it. Of medium size, well-knit figure, with auburn hair and eyebrows, his individuality is marked. He is a student of the best dramatists, an omnivorous reader of good literature and a most attractive actor. Next to "Dick Swiveller," he loves to do "Mary Jane's Pa," and Los Angelenos know how well he succeeds. He is a graduate of Augustin Daly's famous company that included John Drew, Ada Rehan, Mrs. Gilbert, Mr. Lewis and a dozen other stage favorites of a former generation, Max being a juvenile among them. He was for seven years with Mrs. Fiske and his aptitude for stage directing undoubtedly received impetus under her admirable management. I hope every lover of Dickens will go to see his "Dick Swiveller" next week. It will be a liberal education for the youth of Los Angeles to see Mr. Figman in this Dickensian character.

Wanted to Finish His Swim

It was at Redondo Beach Sunday afternoon, and the shore was lined with a sight-seeing crowd gathered to witness the much-advertised moving picture encounter between Pirate Sidney Ayres and Hero Hobart Bosworth. Bosworth had walked the plank and fallen into the sea with his hands tied, and tossed about in the angry waves until Heroine Bessie Eyton jumped overboard and cut his bonds. The crowd anxiously awaited the denouement. But the camera man on shore decided that a crowd of bathers, hanging onto a life-rope and joyously jumping the breakers, would add a bizarre effect to the melodramatic rescue planned. Therefore, the life guards and a doughty policeman were detailed to herd the bathers to shore until the psychological moment passed. The majority of the merry-makers responded to the beckoning finger of the law, but one stout swimmer, red of face, and puffing furiously, indignantly exclaimed, "Say, you guys don't own this here ocean. I came down here to swim, and I'm going to finish." Gentle words of persuasion and wrathful threats had the same barren effect. The stout gentleman paddled leisurely about in the briny while the crowd fidgeted and the life guards raved. Finally, he decided that he had swallowed enough of the Pacific waters, so he ambled leisurely shoreward, flinging one last remark over his shoulder, "Take your damned old ocean. I'm through with it."

Harbor in the Searchlight

Los Angeles is to have direct steamer connection to and from the Orient, if plans now in the making do not go agley. C. E. Lehman, who knows more of harbor conditions here than any other shipping man, says that at an early day there will be plying from this port the finest equipped liners to be found on the Pacific. Several of the important Eastern firms have had experts on the coast, looking up the territory, and at least two different companies are convinced that where there is so much passenger business there must be a goodly lot of freight. At one time the Santa Fe operated oriental steamers out of San Diego, which experiment was long since abandoned. It is believed that the North German Lloyd people will be the first to take advantage of conditions at San Pedro, and

that their ships will be making that a port of call within the next eighteen months. In the interim it need cause no surprise if there should develop a smart real estate movement in the direction of Los Angeles harbor, at San Pedro. Just now, the most activity is noticeable along the Washington and Wilshire boulevard sections in the direction of Ocean Park. Acreage is said to be selling out that way in large blocks, with constantly increasing values. The only fear is that the movement may not last. Watch out for harbor environment activities!

Referred to Fred Wann

I notice that my esteemed friend, Fred A. Wann, general traffic manager of the Salt Lake road, is a member of the board of directors of the Railway Realty and Investment Company, and as such I call his attention to an amusing statement appearing in the brochure issued by the company extolling the opportunities it offers for safe investment. I quote from page 10 of this ingenuous prospectus: "It is estimated that it takes about 600 residence lots every month to supply the people of Los Angeles with homes. A recital of the increases in realty values in almost any part of the state reads like an Arabian Knight's dream." Of course, there is no real reason why an Arabian Knight should not have golden dreams, but I fancy the compiler of this alluring paragraph had in mind another kind of Arabian night. Or it may be he was thinking of the severe pain that attacked the middle of the knight when he dashed off this felicitous statement. In any event, I demand that hereafter Fred Wann vise all printed matter issued by the realty company.

Story of Incompetence

I haven't the privilege of knowing the local manager of the Western Union telegraph office, but I have had an unpleasant experience with the slipshod methods of his staff. Last Saturday two telegrams came addressed to me, one at the California Club, one at the office. The former was delivered, the latter was not. Although it was properly addressed to 405 San Fernando building—no, the "F" in Fernando was missing—no effort was made to deliver it, but instead it was advertised in the Times, notwithstanding my name is in the city directory and the telephone directories. When the Western Union office was called up Monday and the advertised telegram asked for, the reply came that there was no record of receiving such a message. I persisted, so did they. Flatly and peremptorily I was told no telegram had come for me. Next day I found a notice on the floor of my office stating that a telegram had been received and was subject to my call. I called. The missing telegram was uncovered and I rather sarcastically asked why they had taken the trouble to advertise it. "Because there was no address," was the stupid reply. Stupid because of the notification I had already received. What a slovenly way of conducting a business! With an office, a house duly set forth in the directories, several telephones at office, printing plant and home, yet not an effort made to deliver an important telegram. The local manager deserves rapid promotion, or, perhaps, his clerks need dynamiting to wake them up.

He Had Followed Railroad

Walter G. Barnwell, the Adonis of the Santa Fe executive staff in Los Angeles, with due apologies to Godfrey Holterhoff, has been visiting in San Francisco, whither Mrs. Barnwell accompanied him. At home Walter is the general freight agent of the road and a good one, since he is a graduate assistant of that prince of traffic men, Edward Chambers. At a little dinner at the Palace hotel in San Francisco the other evening, according to the News Letter, he told this story: While holding another position on the railroad, a man of middle age and rather rough appearance applied to him for work. It seems, he had been a university man once, and had become a tramp, but Barnwell did not know that; at least, he did not guess it at first glance.

"You have followed railroading, have you?" he asked, in his usual manner.

"Why, yes," replied the man, pausing. "I have followed it—that is, whenever I couldn't make a box-car or the rods."

Newspaper Fraternity in Politics

With Frank E. Wolfe, late of the Herald, and Henry Lowenthal, late of the Examiner, making the race for the city council, I suggest that Harry Chandler of the Times also join the entrants. I have even heard of Jack Elliott of the Tribune as mayoralty candidate and that Paul H. Blades, formerly of the Record, would like to be a police commissioner in the event that W. C. Mushet is elected city executive. Br'er Wolfe is making the councilmanic run as a Socialist, and should

Job Harriman succeed he will have excellent support in the former managing editor of the Herald, who knows the city's need intimately, and whose rugged honesty would give to the public service splendid aid.

Lakeview Claimants Placated

It was a peculiar coincidence that put the Lakeview gusher out of business the day and almost the hour that witnessed the signing of documents between the Union Oil Company and those who first financed the Lakeview enterprise. The four who were of the syndicate that placed their funds in the enterprise at the start have each received about a hundred thousand dollars for their Lakeview interest, it is understood, and in return for the money they have agreed to abandon all proceedings, now pending, as to rights in the six million barrels of oil the Lakeview produced, which is as yet in storage. The Lakeview will continue a going concern, indefinitely, with at least six wells now drilling, one having been recently brought in better than 1,000 barrels a day. It is understood, incidentally, that the Southern Pacific early in the week brought in a 20,000 barrels a day gusher, located about a mile and a half southeast of the Lakeview.

Woolwines at Halifax

Writing from Halifax, Nova Scotia, at which point Will Woolwine, Mrs. Woolwine and their daughter were making a pleasant halt on their leisurely journey to Virginia, Will says: "This is a beautiful and interesting old city of 50,000. The business is good, and the people apparently happy and prosperous. They neither hurry nor worry. The harbor is one of the best fortified in the world. They say they love us, but don't want reciprocity. From here we travel through the land of Evangeline to St. John's, New Brunswick, where they have the 'reversible falls.' All well."

Discovery Day Comes Next

I wonder how many merchants and others, directly affected, know that October 14 has been designated by legislative act a legal holiday. The date is commemorative of the discovery of America by Christopher Columbus, and as the banks of the city must close there will be a paucity of business transacted that day. It was generally supposed that after Labor Day and Admission Day there would be no more legal holidays until the last Thursday of November. The Discovery Day designation, I fancy, will be more honored in the breach than in the observance.

Stock Exchange Was Wise

Felicitations to the Los Angeles Stock Exchange for having had the foresight to decline a listing of the securities of the Panama Development Company, whose promoter is at this time under arrest on a charge of fraud. The exchange membership held a meeting this week for the purpose of devising ways and means for augmenting the volume of business. Few present seemed to realize that the real reason the public is not in the market is largely due to the remarkable flotations that have been encouraged on the trading floor in the last two years. The scandal is connection with one of these concerns has just begun to leak and that it is to prove a genuine sensation is the prediction of those cognizant of the facts. The alleged security under espionage should be stricken from the exchange's daily call, after which the house-cleaning should continue until the entire list has been purged. This done, the public which has lost heavily by reason of manipulated markets, might be induced to try again.

Satisfactory Outlook for Winter

Los Angeles faces the fall and winter seasons with more than ordinary confidence. With an easy money market in the next six months they should prove the most satisfactory in the city's history. Even now the banks are carrying more idle money than ever before, the most important of the city's savings institutions having at this time in excess of \$6,000,000 in cash on hand. In no other country than the United States would this unnecessary accumulation of cash be regarded with complacency. Fortunately, Los Angeles bankers will not be required to pile up large quantities of cash if the Aldrich plan is enacted into law. Vice President Stoddard Jess of the First National Bank is a firm believer in the efficacy of the Aldrich recommendations.

Part of Spoils of Office

In appointing Senator Louis H. Roseberry of Santa Barbara as attorney for the state board of health, Governor Hiram Johnson has rewarded a faithful and capable adherent of the present administration. Mr. Roseberry is the author of the employers' liability act and is highly regarded. As to the actual need of an attorney for the state

board of health, I am not certain. The health department is located at the state capital in offices not far removed from those of the attorney general, who could, of course, easily attend to all of the board's law business, thus effecting a saving of \$3,000 a year to the state. The position never has been other than a political one, and invariably has been regarded as part of the spoils. Evidently, the present state administration, in spite of protestations to the contrary, is not averse to profiting by the example of its predecessors.

Globe Savings Bank Coup

With the Globe Savings Bank taking over the Bank of Southern California, the former becomes one of the really important financial institutions of the city. The combined resources of the enlarged bank will total \$2,000,000, and farm and home building loans are to be a feature of the new concern. Heretofore country property has not been strong with Los Angeles banks at all times, and the new Globe merger is to take care of that particular business. President Charles A. Elder having made a most remarkable success in the past with home building, inside the city limits, it will be no untold experiment with him to branch out into the suburbs. The newly enlarged Globe Savings Bank & Trust Company is certain to prove a winner.

To Win Over the Hesitants

Francis J. Heney and Governor Hiram Johnson are to tour Southern California in favor of such of the proposed constitutional amendments as have been endorsed by the leaders in control of the present Republican organization. The two will not speak here at the same time, the governor planning to stump Southern California in the next ten days. He will leave Los Angeles for the north via San Joaquin valley, September 26. He has been urged to say a good word for woman suffrage, and probably will do so wherever he thinks his utterances will help the cause. Nor will Mr. Heney overlook that issue. Their combined addresses, it is confidently believed, will swing the question over to the affirmative side in case the result is close. However, the wise predictions are that amendment No. 8 will win by a big majority. As a tribute to the women, it is admitted by those who know the game of practical politics, that never in the history of California has there been conducted a campaign having more dash and vigor and brains behind it.

Election of Extremists Resented

Several members of the Municipal League have been heard to protest because of the resolutions adopted by the executive committee of the organization, favorable to what is known as the Edgerton plan for the control of street railways. Conservatives in the league feel that snap judgment has been taken, and they are indignant and threaten to resign from the league. Similar expressions are heard in the ranks of the Good Government Organization, and for identical reasons.

Believes in Private Ownership

Congressman William A. Sulzer of New York, one of the best known members of the lower house in Washington, is on his way here from a trip to Alaska. According to a letter received in Los Angeles this week, he is opposed to leasing the northern coal lands, and also to their being worked by the government. Sulzer believes in private ownership of such enterprises and of conceding patents to these lands to those who claim them by right of discovery. There are more than half a dozen of such tentative owners in this city.

Lloyd's Chickens Coming Home

Fred K. Lloyd, the San Francisco insurance man who induced Colonel Epes Randolph to advance a large sum in the effort to rehabilitate the Llanos de Oro mining property, is said to be in a bad way, so far as the charges filed by Randolph against him in San Francisco are concerned. Lloyd first appeared in Los Angeles about four years ago, when he won the confidence of Reese Llewellyn, among others, from whom, it is said, he obtained a large sum of money. He owned a property near the Llanos which he insisted he could merge with another mine controlled in San Francisco. This proposed plan was followed and then Lloyd and his friends prepared to make a demand upon Los Angeles Llanos owners for upward of about \$75,000. The new corporation was placed in Lloyd's charge and that was the last ever seen by the Los Angelines of their final Llanos investment. The machinery that Lloyd sought to take over, belonging to the Llanos stockholders, was attached soon after by the Mexican government for taxes, and it is still in dispute. Meantime, Lloyd is likely to be severely dealt with by the authorities if

rumors from San Francisco are not exaggerated. One of his insurance partners already has been bound over in large bail for trial.

Judgment in a Lost Trunk Case

Several years ago Mrs. Katharine Hooker of this city lost a trunk filled with fine wearing apparel and containing several pieces of handsome and rare jewelry. The trunk was lost in a fire that destroyed one of the stations on the line of the Boston & Maine railroad. Mrs. Hooker sued to recover value and in defense the railroad contended that a carrier could not be held for more than \$100 for the loss of a trunk. The supreme court of Massachusetts decided that this was no defense and gave judgment for \$2,000 damages. The \$100 rate was filed with the interstate commission and was understood to have the force of law, but the Massachusetts court dissents in these words:

The carrier can not make something a rate merely by calling it by that name. It can not convert that which is in its essence a subject for regulation, according to the law or policy of the several states, into the inexorability of a rate protected by the federal laws, simply by putting it into a schedule which is called a schedule of rates and tariffs. The defendant seeks the protection of a federal statute. The decisions of the United States supreme court are of controlling authority in this respect. The cases we have cited seem to decide in principle that the limitation of liability invoked by the defendant is not one which is under the aegis of the interstate commerce act. The subject is one which is not so related to rates of transportation of passengers as to be a part of such a rate. It is governed by the law of the state where the contract of carriage is made and enforced. As we have pointed out, there is no doubt that by the common law of this commonwealth the plaintiff was not bound by the limitation of liability of which she was wholly ignorant. She could have been restricted in right of recovery only by express contract or by assent in a known regulation.

In commenting upon this ruling the San Francisco Call thinks the reasoning of the Massachusetts court is well based. The case has gone to the federal supreme court for final settlement.

U. of C.'s Gratifying Showing

President Bovard of the University of Southern California should be gratified by the number and quality of the graduate candidates. I note, too, that many teachers are taking advantage of the privileges recently secured by the university, which allow it to grant the higher certificate for teachers. At least thirty will go on to an A. M. degree; holding A. B. degrees from Berkeley, Stanford, Pomona, Occidental, Indiana State, Washington State, Wellesley, Bowdoin, Toronto, Michigan State and other well-known institutions, north, east and south. Allison Gaw, Ph. D., the new professor of philology and literature in the English department hails from the University of Pennsylvania, where he was Harrison scholar. He is an old pupil of Professor Raymond M. Allen, for many years in Stanford, and now transferred to the head of the English department at the University of Illinois. Like him, Professor Gaw studied under Schelling at the great Philadelphia seat of learning.

Reform Democrats Resentful

Reform Democrats such as Joseph A. Call, Albert M. Norton and Robert G. Loucks are resenting with considerable warmth the Express' designation of themselves as Southern Pacific creatures. All of them declare they were fighting the railroad long before the Express came under its present ownership, and they further aver that their anti-monopoly records are much more consistent than is true of the owner of the Express. Apparently, the municipal campaign is not to suffer for lack of fiery incidents, judging from the present outlook.

Trying to Discredit Taft

There is considerable irritation over the fact that certain political influences are trying assiduously to create a sentiment hostile to the President of the United States, who is to honor the city with a brief visit next month. I regret that the Herald allowed the insertion of a communication on its editorial page one day this week, in which it was suggested that the people of Los Angeles greet Mr. Taft with hisses instead of cheers. Aside from the fact that as the host of the occasion such a reception would be a painful breach of good manners, there is a certain respect due the office, regardless of the man who fills it, and every American owes to that dignified position respect and loyalty, at least. General Otis should not permit his subordinates to join with the anti-Taft coterie in this effort to extend cavalier treatment to the distinguished occupant of the White House.

ON A 2,000-MILE AUTO TRIP

IV. Headed for Home

WELL, the pilgrimage is ended and we are about to ship our cars home, having discovered that "man proposes and mountain roads and early rains do the disposing." My last letter was from Klamath Falls, and I will briefly describe the road from there to Crater Lake, for the benefit of future auto tourists.

About three miles out of Klamath Falls the worst grade of the trip is encountered, but only for a short pull. After that, a few miles of fair mountain road and the Upper Klamath Lake comes into view. This is a beautiful sheet of water and the road a nicely graded one, skirting the lake on the east side, at times several hundred feet above and again almost at lake level. The scenery is wild and grand, and in times of rain and mist would be much like the Scottish Highlands.

After crossing the Williamson river, the road leaves the lake and after a two-hour ride from Klamath Falls you find yourself at Klamath Indian agency. Here gasoline can be procured at two stores "sometimes." The agency buildings, store, fences, etc., are in trim shape, neatly painted, and the whole place resembles a large, well-kept stock farm. The landing for steamers on the lake is a short distance away. A tremendous volume of pure water from a big spring supplies the place and furnishes irrigating water.

Eight miles farther, over a very bad piece of road, cut up and dusty, bring you to Ft. Klamath. Just before reaching it you pass the ruins of the old officers' quarters and the barracks, now either torn down or crumbling in decay, and, sadder still, the lonely, abandoned graveyard in the woods, showing a hundred or more wooden headboards, with here and there a more pretentious monument of gray stone, perhaps marking the last resting place of an officer. I wanted to stop and look through it, but time was short, and I had to abandon the idea.

Fort Klamath village has four or five well-stocked stores and a hotel where a good luncheon can be procured. Gasoline here is fifty cents a gallon. From there so Camp Arant, seventeen and one-half miles, there is nothing of interest. The road is fair. Anna canyon, on right or road, has steep walls of sandstone. The road runs along the south brink of the canyon and while not rough is a mere trough with a steadily ascending grade.

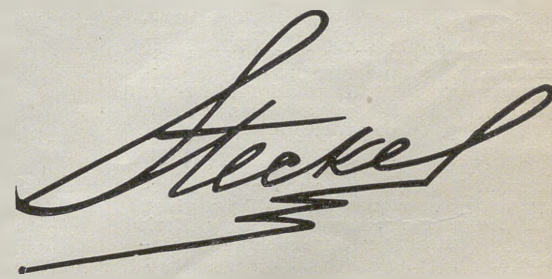
Five hours from Klamath Falls we reached Camp Arant, beating a six-cylinder Stevens-Duryea that started ahead of us. My son in his Chalmers "40" went to the Crater Lake that afternoon, but we in the old family Mitchell were content to wait until morning. After a cold night, snow all around and ground frozen hard, we breakfasted and went up to the rim of Crater Lake in our cars. The last three-quarters of a mile of the five miles from Camp Arant is very steep—32 per cent—but with chains one encounters no special difficulty. Crater Lake has been so well described that I will only say it is amply worth the trouble experienced in getting there. Besides, it is full of big rainbow trout, easily caught.

We returned to Camp Arant before noon and started for Medford, a six-hours' run, over poor roads for thirty or forty miles and fair roads for the remainder of the eighty. From here we ship to Los Angeles; loss of time from rains and bad roads preventing our touring home as intended.

H. H. ROSE.

Medford, Oregon, September 11, 1911.

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Music

By Blanche Rogers Lott

It is time Los Angeles awakened to the fact, which will astonish the drowsy, that this city is practically without an auditorium in which to hold concerts. Simpson auditorium, which lent itself so favorably to musical events for many, many years, has been withdrawn from secular affairs. The church occupying the Temple auditorium has announced its determination to own that building within the year. Even now, on account of continuous theatrical performances, it is unavailable for evening concerts. Mr. Behymer returns Monday and we are wondering what this indefatigable impresario will start, out of the dark looking situation. It seems strange that in the last two or three years public spirited citizens have not grasped the situation and at least purchased suitable property for a building which would include an auditorium. Other cities are surpassing us in this respect and it is a most regrettable circumstance.

The choir of the St. Vibiana's cathedral has been reorganized, with good results, and its first rendition of Beethoven's Mass in C is indicative of a high quality of music to be given through the year. A double quartet consisting of Miss Myrtle Prybil, Mrs. Edward Weston, sopranos; Mrs. Lillian Scanlon-Gee, Miss Antoinette Ballard, contraltos; James Buchanan, James Fox, tenors, and Edwin House and Clay Groves, baritones, is the nucleus of what is expected to be a large choral body. Mr. Frank Colby is the organist and director of this church.

Miss Myrtle Prybil's name, which is printed above, will not appear again in musical circles, for soon she is to become Mrs. Frank H. Colby, and the musical couple may well receive the congratulations of the musical fraternity.

Mr. Harold Webster, a musician who promises well in the musical activities of the city, has just arrived from Germany to remain. Mr. Webster's former home was Cleveland, Ohio, but he has lived for the last few years in Leipzig and Berlin. He was a violin pupil of Hilf and continued work in composition with Reger and other well known men. Besides recital work, Mr. Webster will teach violin and composition.

Women's Lyric Club has resumed its rehearsals. No less an authority than Arthur Foote, upon his recent visit here, declared this singing body of women to be the best woman's chorus he had ever heard.

Oehlmeier's band played to a medium-sized audience one afternoon of last week at Temple auditorium. The fearful abuse of the encore habit destroyed the continuity of a well-selected program. The band is capable of performing good programs and of pleasing lovers of this form of music.

Edwin Schneider, the well known pianist and accompanist, his last visit here having been with Mme. Galski, will concertize with this great singer for a short tour in this country in the early winter and then return to Europe, where he is engaged for concert work. He will also devote a portion of his time to composition.

One-half of the Opera Comique Company of Paris has gone to South America, where performances will be given till the autumn, says the New York Post. Rehearsals were held on ship-board.

While all the art world is remembering Franz Liszt on account of the centennial celebration of his birth, the following anecdote from the "Study of Leschetizky," by Potocka, written concerning that great man's first visit to Liszt, is interesting. "Notwithstanding the gigantic proportions of his (Liszt) intellect," says Leschetizky, "Liszt had a charm of manner, a certain gracious cordiality without a tinge of condescension; he seemed to see into every one's mind and feel with him. He was most affectionate with Czerny, who naturally took great pride in his illustrious pupil's tremendous success. To make my seat comfortably high, Liszt put some music on the chair. I was about to sit down when he stopped me, saying: 'Wait a moment, my boy; notice this name attentively.' I read the name Richard Wagner. The book was the score of Rienzi. 'That man,' pursued Liszt, 'will some day make the world hear from him.'"

An interesting discovery is announced at the library of the St. Cecilia Academy, in the form of the manuscript of a hymn to Rome by Franz Liszt. The work, which opens with phrase "O Roma Nobilis," appears to have been written during the composer's stay at the Villa Adriana, at Tivoli, only a short time before his death.

At the present day, when women so frequently come before the public as composers or executants—or both—it seems only natural that there should exist a society devoted particularly to their interests, says the London Telegraph in a recent article. Indeed, one is inclined to wonder at not having heard of an organization of the kind before. Quite recently, however, there has sprung into existence the Society of Women Musicians, and at its initial meeting interesting addresses were given by those who have helped to produce it. The association may be congratulated upon its choice of a president, since Miss Katharine Eggar, A. R. A. M., has shown herself to be gifted in no small measure as a composer of serious aims, as all who have heard examples from her pen in our concert rooms will willingly testify. As the president explained in her address, the society had its origin in an earnest desire on the part of women musicians to remove a great deal that was unsatisfactory and corrupt in the conditions of modern musical life—to make an end, for instance, to wire-pulling, log-rolling, petty jealousies of cliques, and so forth—conditions, as she said, that had to be reckoned with nowadays by all who sought to make their way in the musical world. We are not prepared to argue the point as to how far Miss Eggar has summed up accurately the difficulties against which aspiring musicians have to contend in the struggle for existence in these days of strenuous competition. But evidently the organization of which she has been elected president is in thorough earnest and intends in every way possible to justify its existence. It may be noted that another prominent aim will be the provision of a center for the discussion of things musical, for the introduction of composers to executants, for obtaining advice in regard to the business side of artistic work, and also for the rehearsal and production of new works. Madame Liza Lehmann and Miss Emily Daymond, Mus. Doc., were among other representative women musicians who attended the opening meeting.

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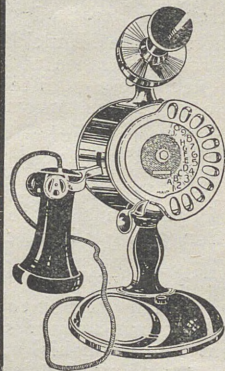
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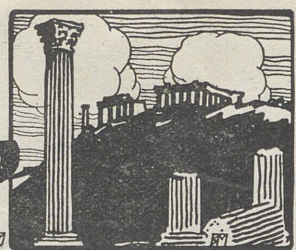
August 18, 1911.
NOTICE is hereby given that John H. Muddell, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on May 26, 1908, made Homestead Entry No. 11760, Serial No. 04240, for S. 1/4 N. W. 1/4, N. 1/4 S. W. 1/4, Section 11, Township 1 S., Range 20 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 26th day of September, 1911.
Claimant names as witnesses: Charles Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Mrs. Charles Decker, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Frank Slert, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Oscar H. Kappler, of Santa Monica, Cal.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, August 26, 1911.

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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

I assume that few local art lovers who read this column have not already taken a little journey to the studio home of William and Julia Bracken Wendt at 2814 North Sichel street, which for years has been the mecca for those who were watching the development of two great—aye, four great—artists. For long before this well known studio became the home of the Wendts, about three years ago, it had housed two other celebrated fellow craftsmen. Thus, for at least ten years the quaint rustic bungalow, set well back from the street, with its high gable almost covered with ivy, its huge chimney flanking the veranda on the left, and the massive door with its unique sculptured knocker cast in bronze, has been the point of focus of the public eye by reason of the strong work that has been and is constantly being turned out in its workshop.

Entering by the front door (there is a weird side door of which we will speak later) we find ourselves in the studio gallery of William Wendt, the painter of California landscapes (California landscapes by choice). This apartment is 20x30 feet and has a vaulted beamed ceiling 20 feet high and a fine north skylight so indispensable to the artist. The interior is panelled with natural redwood, finished with hard oil, which makes a most agreeable background for the virile nature studies that hang thick upon every hand. Two large easels, cabinets for paints, jars of brushes, and piles of blank canvases and unfinished sketches occupy the north end of the room, while the south end abounds in easy chairs, comfortable divans, an ample reading table, and a desk piled high with goodness knows what treasure trove.

Of course, there is an immense fireplace, else why the crooked chimney outside? High shelves and antique stands hold an interesting array of old brasses, antique carvings, Chinese inlay and porcelains. But what of the new pictures? They are almost too numerous to mention in limited space and several of the latest ones which leave this week for the fall show in Chicago deserve at least a column article each. However, my readers must be content with a mere passing comment, for we must pass on and pay our respects to Mrs. Wendt.

Among Mr. Wendt's new canvases we note "Sycamores and Oaks," which Gardner Symons will take to New York with him next week for exhibition purposes. This truly great canvas abounds in rich, warm contrasted tones of browns. In the immediate foreground is seen a picturesque arrangement of slender sycamore trunks, while in the middle distance summer-seared oak trees carry the eye on to linger on the cool heights of the Cucamonga mountains in the distance. The foreground of the picture is noteworthy for its solidity and the sky for its qualities of light and air. "The Lake" (near Monticello) is truly a California landscape, yet the artist has demanded that his material yield to his idea of beauty. The result is a classical interpretation of nature. In the center foreground is seen a tiny turquoise lake set in emerald green grass and surrounded by slender tree trunks, topped with bushy, almost conventionalized foliage. The repeated accent of these graceful saplings produces a pleasing rhythmic effect. Beyond, is seen a gently sloping hill with roseate peaks in the distance. To complete the illusion, the graceful white columns of a ruined temple are seen near the summit of a rounded hillock. "Eerie Night," is the title given to a cloudy moonlight. This canvas is full of fine feeling and suggests all the mystery of night. Several other large moonlight studies are also praiseworthy. "Storm in the Simi Valley," is a canvas to study. It depicts a whirlwind conflict between sunlight and shadow. The movement in the cloud-

banked sky is tremendous and the shadows on the distant hills are foreboding and dull. A streak of luminous sunlight reflects upon the middle distance and reveals the gentle greens of a cup-like valley that holds a tiny farmhouse. This humble home presents a subtle contrast to the bigness of nature which so completely overshadows it. "Sunlit Hills of Topanga" is a typical Southern California subject and only the want of space deprives it of its proper mention. Many other canvases, both large and small, merit attention, notable among which are "New Hampshire Hay Fields," "Topanga," "California Moonlight," and others.

Now let us pass through the charmingly simple blue and white Dutch dining room, with its old Delft plates and cups and Holland furnishings, to that side door that leads from the living-room porch into the studio of Julia Bracken Wendt, the sculptor. Here is a real surprise for many of us. Accustomed as we may be to paying this vastly interesting and instructive atelier an occasional visit, we are hardly prepared for the vision that unfolds, for, be it known, that the old studio has been entirely engulfed in one of the largest, finest and most perfectly appointed and ideally equipped sculptor's studios west of Chicago, if not in all the United States. One thought the other ample and adequate. But this is palatial and exactly what Mrs. Wendt needs to do well the work that is before her. The room is 25x34 feet in size and 35 feet in height, thus enabling the artist to execute colossal groups, as, for instance, the one for the Museum of Fine Arts.

Extending half way across the south end is a large balcony, from which the artist may work upon large pieces. Beneath this is a dressing room for models and a casting room with running water and porcelain trays for plaster. Beyond this is a door 12x12, opening upward on pulleys, to permit of the exit and entrance of huge castings. In addition to this ample space, one section of the west wall may be removed at will. Near the center of the room is a solid concrete base, 8x8, with a trough running around the edge and drain pipes at each corner. On this will stand heavy groups which in the clay must be sprayed with water several times each day. At the south end of this apartment is a rustic brick fireplace flanked by a window-seat, and in the far corner a cement bin for clay, 8x4. On the east side are large double doors, opening into the yard and so designed that Mrs. Wendt may study her work from a distance. The studio is ventilated by means of sliding traps worked by double shift pulleys and ropes. Two of these are in the ceiling and two near the roof on the east vaulting. The room is lighted by a north sky-light, 12x12, and a side light, 12x5. All of the patent appliances—and there are many—are Mrs. Wendt's own inventions and had to be especially made.

At the time of my visit the workmen were just leaving and we sat upon saw horses with feet propped on nail kegs and chatted with our genial hostess. All of her splendid work was packed away or stood shrouded in many dank wrappings, but much of this I have already noted in these columns and the remainder will soon be on view in this, the newest acquisition to our art progress in Los Angeles, a real sculptor's studio.

September issue of the International Studio is more instructive than entertaining. The opening article is by Frank Weitenkamp, who considers "Miclitz, an Etcher of New York." "Recent Work by J. W. Waterhouse, R. A." is the subject of A. L. Baldrys article, and A. S. Levetus reviews "The Jubilee Exhibition of the Kunstler-Geossenschaft, Vienna." George Brochner contributes an article on "The Pictures and Prints of Edward L. Laursen." J. William Fosdick reviews "The Exhibition of the Mu-

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municipal Art Society of New York," and Frank E. Waska "The Atlan Ceramic Club Exhibit." "Studio Talk," "Art School Notes," "Reviews and Notes," "The Lay Figure" and "Artistic Water Gardens" complete the contents. Eight plates and 105 illustrations are presented. A few of the latter, however, do not measure up to the usual high standard of work reproduced by this journal. Under the "Art School Notes," both the Los Angeles School of Art and Design and the College of Fine Arts, U. S. C., receive favorable mention. A study of a dancing girl by A. Aockerblum, a student of the first mentioned institution, is reproduced.

At the recent reunion of the Illinois Association in Los Angeles plans were adopted to erect a statue in Eastlake Park to the memory of Lincoln. This is a worthy and commendable undertaking, but Eastlake Park is not the proper setting for such a monument. We trust that this important commission will be placed in competent hands. Los Angeles does not want any more work of the Soldiers' monument type in Central Park, nor yet of the Stephen White atrocity on the courthouse lawn.

Florine Heyer, the well known flower painter, will open a studio on Hill street, opposite Central Park.

The twenty-fourth annual exhibition of students' work at the Los Angeles School of Art and Design will be held Monday, September 18, from 8 to 10 p. m., and the following Tuesday from 2 to 5 p. m.

Leopold Flameng, the engraver, died in Paris last week at the age of 81 years. Flameng had been an exhibitor in the Salon for more than half a century. His greater honors have come to him as the interpreter of other men's works, and through his engravings the world has become acquainted with the spirit of the paintings of Rembrandt, Da Vinci, Rubens, Murillo, Gainsborough and Munkacz. He was the recipient of many medals and an officer of the Legion of Honor.

Reinhold Begas, the sculptor, who died in Germany last month at the age of 80, was the designer of the "Kaiser Wilhelm Memorial," the Schiller monument, the fountain for the Schloss court, with mermaids, centaurs, sea gods and nymphs and the figure of Neptune, a statue of Wealth for the Reichsbank, an heroic Borussia and two herculean figures of Strength and the Science of War for the arsenal, all for Berlin. His portrait busts are notable, among them being those of the Empress Frederick, Countess Bismarck and Moltke.

Visitors to Washington this season had the opportunity of viewing an interesting and unusual collection of engraved portraits which was on exhibi-

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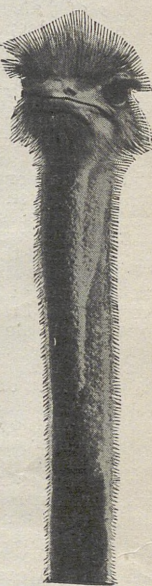
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tion in one of the galleries of the library of congress, under the direction of the chief of the division of prints, reports the art critic of the Chicago Post. It contained portraits of many of the most noted men from the third to the eighteenth century, and rare examples of the work, not only of the great painters, but of the most important engravers. The prints are taken from the Gardiner Greene Hubbard and the T. Harrison Garrett collections, the latter deposited in the library as a loan. The portraits in the library collection include Englishmen, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Italians, Dutchmen and Germans. There are about 500 arranged chronologically, which enables one to read history as one walks. The greater number are of the French school of the seventeenth century, that period in the reign of Louis XIV., when the fine arts received so much encouragement from the state, and when line engraving reached its highest point in brilliancy and perfection of technique, when portraits were as illuminating as pages of memoirs of the court.

Social & Personal

By Ruth Burke

Much interest in local society circles was occasioned this week by the marriage in San Francisco of Miss Florence Cluff, the attractive daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Cluff of the northern city, to Dr. Edwin Janns, one of the prominent young bachelors of this city. The ceremony was celebrated Wednesday evening in the white and gold ballroom at the Fairmont hotel, Rev. W. K. Guthrie officiating. The ballroom was decorated with wreaths of pink gladioli, roses and lilies, shading from pale pink to the deep American Beauty tone. The same shading was carried out in the gowns worn by the coterie of bridesmaids. Each maid carried a shower of begonias and roses. The bride was attired in a gown of white satin, trimmed with rose point lace and wore a bridal veil of Brussels lace. She carried a shower of orchids. Miss Lurline Matson was maid of honor. She wore a gown of rose colored satin, elaborately embroidered. The bridesmaids, Misses Kathleen de Young, Frances Stewart, Enid Gregg, Grace Gibson, Metha McMahon and Lillian Van Vorst, were attired in gowns of pale pink chiffon made over satin of a deeper shade of pink. Each gown was finished with a flounce in the graduated tones of pink. Mr. Harold Janss, brother of the groom, served as best man, and the ushers were Messrs. Frank Hooper, Seyd Havens, Charles de Young, William Cavalier, Gus Knecht and Robert Allen. Following the service an informal reception was given for about two hundred and fifty guests and an elaborate wedding supper was served in the supper room, where the color scheme of pink tones was artistically carried out, a background of ferns and palms being used. The bride is one of the most popular of the northern society girls, and since the announcement of her betrothal a few months ago she has been the recipient of a merry round of pre-nuptial entertaining in San Francisco and at Menlo Park, where she staid this summer with her parents. She is the sister of Mrs. John C. Wilson, Mrs. John Breuner and Mrs. George Downey. Dr. Janss is the son of Dr. and Mrs. Peter Janss of this city, who attended the wedding. Others from Los Angeles who were present were Mr. and Mrs. Harold Braly, the latter a sister of the groom; Mr. and Mrs. H. Jevne, Dr. Hertz and Dr. and Mrs. Rexwell Brown. Dr. Janss and his bride will enjoy a honeymoon trip east and upon their return will make their home in Los Angeles, occupying one of the handsome new residences which are to form a family group on a four-acre tract.

Announcement is made of the betrothal of Miss Constance Hadley Clark, daughter of Mrs. Samuel Bird Bootes, to Mr. Hugh Gervaise Purcell, son of Mrs. Gervaise Purcell of San Gabriel. No date is announced for the wedding. The engagement is of much interest in society circles, owing to the popularity of the young couple, and the prominence of their families. Miss Clark was the step-daughter of Captain Bootes, who died in Manila a year or two ago, and up to that time had been stationed at San Antonio with his family.

Mr. E. Avery McCarthy has gone east with his daughter, Miss Aileen McCarthy, who returns to her studies at the Mt. Vernon Seminary, at Washington, D. C. En route they will stop in San Francisco, Shasta Springs, Portland, Yellowstone Park, Duluth, Minnesota, and other points. Upon Mr. McCarthy's return he and Mrs. McCarthy will close their summer home at Redondo Beach and move into their city house at Fifth street and Norton avenue, Van Ness Square.

Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys was the guest recently of Mrs. Earl B. Millar of Los Angeles at the Laguna hotel, Laguna Beach.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Eichelberger of 1015 Lake View avenue have returned from two weeks' outing at Lake Tahoe.

Miss Florence Field, who has been

visiting here with her cousin, Miss Elizabeth Field, of West Twenty-first street, has gone to Santa Barbara for a short stay. She plans to leave in February for a trip abroad.

Of much local interest was the marriage in San Francisco Monday of Miss Louella Conly of Los Angeles to Mr. James A. Keeney, a well known capitalist, also of this city. News of the marriage came as a surprise to the many friends of the couple here, as Miss Conly, in company with her sister, Mrs. May Schaezel of Fair Oaks avenue, South Pasadena, the latter's son, Julius Schaezel and their mother, Mrs. Conly, left Los Angeles ostensibly for the East, where young Mr. Schaezel is to enter Amherst college. Mr. Keeney, however, followed them to the northern city, where the wedding ceremony was performed at the St. Francis hotel, with the immediate family present as witnesses. The party left the next morning for the East, and later Mr. Keeney and his bride will return here to make their home. Mrs. Keeney, since completing an interesting around-the-world tour two years ago, has made her home in Los Angeles with her sister and mother. She is well known in literary circles as a playwright, writer and composer. One of her latest songs, "The Danube Kiss," is winning recognition and favor at present and with Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover of this city she was co-author of Lilian Burkhardt's recent Orpheum sketch, "What Every Woman Wants," and with the same associate has written several plays now under consideration by Eastern producers. Mr. Keeney, who has been a widower for a number of years, is largely identified in local financial affairs.

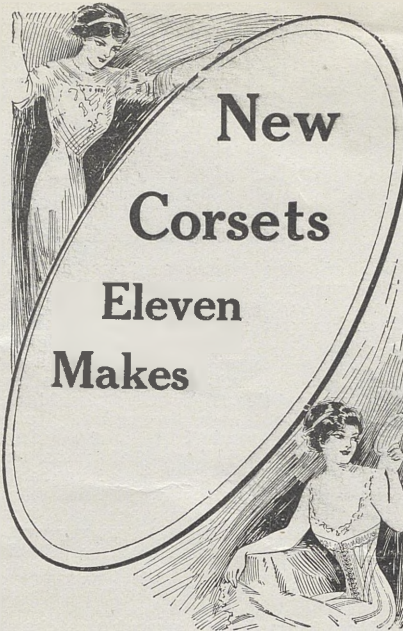
In honor of Miss Jane McCune Rollins, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Bowman Rollins, whose marriage to Mr. Louis H. Tolhurst will be one of the brilliant society events of October, Mr. George Reed, entertained Monday night with a theater party at the Belasco, followed by a supper at the Alexandria. The table was decorated with a cluster of American Beauty roses and ferns. Guests included Misses Jane Rollins, Juliet Borden, Sally Bonner, Elizabeth Hicks, Katherine Stearns, Elizabeth Wood, Margaret Drake, Florence Wood, Messrs. Louis Tolhurst, Charles Nordhoff, Clark Bonner, Harry Borden, Lon McCoy, Arnold Praeger, Hamilton Rollins, Jr., Allan Archer, Tom Duque and Vernon Smith.

Miss Charlotte Winston, granddaughter of Mrs. M. C. Burnett of South Hope street, who will leave today for Washington, D. C., where she will enter the Washington seminary, was the guest of honor at a recent luncheon given by her cousin, Miss Juliet Borden. Pink roses and maidenhair ferns and tulle ribbon effected an attractive decoration for the table and places were set for Misses Charlotte Winston, Frances Edwards, Katherine Donovan, Helen Higgins, Marjorie Tufts, Constance Cline, Agnes Golden, Evelyn Lantz, Estelle Johnson, Margaret Golden and Sally Bonner. Miss Winston, who is the daughter of Captain E. T. Winston of Atlanta, has made her home here since childhood with her grandmother.

Invitations have been issued by Mrs. D. Gager Peck of 1601 Orange street for Tuesday afternoon, September 26. Guests will be received between the hours of three and five o'clock, the affair being planned in honor of Miss Hazel Allen and Miss Kathleen Lockhart.

Mrs. Frank Rule and little daughter, Miss Alice Rule, of Venice, are visiting in San Mateo for three weeks, being guests there of Mrs. Rule's sister, Mrs. T. M. Alton.

In compliment to Mrs. J. V. Wachtel, Jr., and Mrs. Raymond B. Moore, who left Friday for their homes in El Centro, after passing the summer in Los Angeles and vicinity, Mrs. Ernest V. Sutton of 1625 Oak street, South Pasadena and Mrs. William Stringfel-



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low of Oneonta Park entertained Thursday with a large bridge party. About sixty guests were present.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Lyman Wilson of 1809 Wilton Place, formally announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Veronna Wilson, to Mr. William Ward Beman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Beman, of Ellendale Place. No date has been set for the wedding as yet, but friends of the bride-elect are planning many pleasant affairs in her honor.

About three hundred guests enjoyed the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. William Cary Ball of West Twenty-third street last Friday evening, when the beautiful rose garden and pleasant home was opened to the members of the Los Angeles Fellowship and their numerous friends. Amid a veritable fairyland of twinkling lights from Japanese lanterns on the lawn the guests listened to soft music played on the harp by Miss Hazel Schertzinger, and were served with tea and senbia cakes by pretty girls, attired in the quaint costumes of the Flowery Kingdom, in the rose pergola. The house was gay with fans, umbrellas and Japanese curios, many rare and valuable, which carried out the Japanese idea within doors as well as on the lawn. Mrs. Ball was assisted by the following women in Japanese costume: Mesdames Reynold E. Blight, T. Perceval Gerson, V. O. Bartoo, A. M. Seckler, David Harrison, Frances Wallis and Miss Vera Hilleman.

Miss Rose Ellerbee and Mme. Vera de Blumenthal, who recently returned from a trip abroad, entertained Tuesday with a luncheon at the home of Miss Frances Wills on Buena Vista street.

Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Johnson announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ida Johnson, to Mr. Edward C. Vanderbilt of Ingraham street. Mr. Vanderbilt formerly was a resident of New Haven, Connecticut.

Dr. and Mrs. A. F. Speicher of 3005 South Vermont avenue announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss

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Florence Catherine Speicher, to Prof. A. B. Ulrey of the University of Southern California. No date has been set for the marriage, but it probably will be an event of the winter season.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Miller Clark left this week on their planned hunting trip in Montana.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Fishburn, who are enjoying a motoring trip through the north, will visit with Mr. and Mrs. Clem Copeland, who formerly lived in this city.

Mrs. J. E. Montgomery Craig has gone to Washington, D. C., accompanied by her daughter, Miss Ruth Craig, who will enter the Mt. Vernon school.

Messrs. Leon and John Spinks have gone south, where they will enter the University of Virginia.

Mrs. A. D. Chester of 1422 Malvern avenue entertained about fifty guests recently in honor of her mother, Mrs.

H. Uphoff, and her sisters, Mrs. C. R. Pemby and Miss Mathilde Uphoff, all of San Francisco.

Mrs. John Murrieta, formerly Miss Mabel Gregory of San Francisco, whose marriage earlier in the summer to Dr. Jack Murrieta of this city was of much interest socially, is visiting in the North as the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Gregory, and her sister, Mrs. Homer Boushey, at their home on Van Ness avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Rector entertained with a pleasant week-end party in honor of their daughter, Miss Wilhelmina, on board their motor cruiser "Yebis." Sunday a cruise was taken to Portuguese Bend, where the day was passed in fishing and bathing. A special fish dinner was enjoyed at the "Cabin," after which the young people explored the caves, reefs and mountain trails. In addition to their daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Rector entertained Gwendolyn Jones, Dona Short, Mildred Mackie, Roy Davies, Clemmer Johnson, Milo Johnson and William Phillips.

Mrs. M. A. Bostwick of West Adams street, who not long ago returned from an extended trip East and abroad, is enjoying an outing in Yellowstone Park, where she was to meet New York friends. She will be away about two weeks.

Dr. and Mrs. David C. Barber of 683 Harvard boulevard has gone east for an extended trip. Her itinerary will include all of the larger cities.

Mr. and Mrs. David H. McCartney of 636 Ardmore avenue are passing September at Ocean Park.

Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Goudge, with their daughter, Miss Agnes Goudge, have returned from Balboa Beach. Miss Goudge will be one of the charming debutantes of the approaching season.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Wells and their daughter, Miss Louise Wells of Ellendale place, left recently in their private car, "The Aurora," for the East, where Miss Wells will enter college for the fall term. They were accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ripley, and en route home will stop at Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Frank A. Vickery of 2025 La Salle avenue entertained recently with an informal luncheon, the special guests being Mrs. Willits J. Hole and Mrs. R. B. Williamson, who are among those leaving soon on a tour of the world. Mrs. Hole and Mrs. Martin Lewis, who also has taken passage for a world tour, were the guests of honor at a luncheon and bridge party given by Mrs. Matthew S. Robertson of Burlington avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank R. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. C. R. Baxter, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Veazey entertained recently with a dinner party, followed by a moonlight motoring trip. Their guests were Mrs. R. O. Mason of Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, Miss Mary Dayton of Kansas City, Miss Klara Pennel of Pasadena and Messrs. A. Leitch, Paul Jassberg and Louis Riddell.

Miss Mary Schaeffer of Dayton, Ohio, who has been the house guest of her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. William T. Bishop, has returned to her Eastern home.

Mrs. William H. Harrison of 327 Kingsley Drive has returned from a two months' trip to the North, visiting San Francisco, Portland and Seattle.

Mrs. John Chanslor and daughter, Miss Bird Chanslor of Hobart boulevard, have returned from San Francisco, where they were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chanslor at the Palace hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Youmans and their daughter, Miss Dorothy, have returned from Ocean Park, and have taken apartments at Hotel Shoreham.

Mr. and Mrs. Burton G. Adams of 415 Barvard boulevard are back from a month's stay at Tahoe Tavern, Lake Tahoe. Mrs. Edward B. Young of San Marine Court, Huntington Drive, who accompanied them on their trip, also has returned.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Lane Merrill have returned from the Hotel Virginia, where they passed the summer, and are domiciled at the San Carlos.

Miss Claire Rutherford, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Nathan-

iel R. Rutherford, Jr., at the Van Nuys for several months, has left for her home in Hillsboro, Texas.

Mrs. Ernest K. Foster was hostess Saturday evening of last week at a delightful moonlight garden party given at her home near the Arroyo. About forty guests were present and the affair was informal.

Mrs. Harry B. Goodman of West Twenty-third street entertained at luncheon Wednesday afternoon in compliment to her mother, Mrs. Frederick Bridge of New York, who is visiting her. Her other guests included a group of friends with whom she passed a few weeks at Catalina this summer, including Mrs. James Pike, Mrs. Theodore Bulson, Mrs. Mary D. Goodfellow, Mrs. Edgar Camp of Sierra Madre, Mrs. Mary Bradey of St. Louis and Mrs. Katherine Kent Althouse.

Mrs. Albert P. Johnson of West Twenty-third street entertained a small party of friends at luncheon Tuesday afternoon, the affair being in honor of Mrs. Carol and her two daughters of Reno, Oklahoma, who are visiting in Los Angeles. The house was attractive with golden glow and asters. Hand-painted cards marked places for eleven guests.

Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey Holterhoff, Jr., of West Adams street, who have been enjoying an outing at Monterey for several weeks, have returned to their home here.

Dr. and Mrs. Ernest W. Fleming and their daughters, Misses Alice and Ruth Fleming, have left for a month's trip through western Canada.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Larned and their daughter and son, Miss Ruth Larned and Neuer Larned, are at Ocean Park for the month, being located at the corner of Sherman and Speedway.

Miss Mildred Landreth, daughter of Mrs. A. Landreth of Pasadena, will leave September 20 for the East, going to National Park Seminary, where she will continue her studies.

Mrs. Edward Prentiss of Denver, formerly Miss Ethel Fraser, left Saturday last for her home, after having passed the summer season at Ocean Park, the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Fraser.

Miss Ada Letts of Hollywood, sister of Mr. Arthur Letts, accompanied by Mrs. Charles Weaver and Miss Lila Weaver, have returned from a four months' trip abroad.

Miss Grace Mellus, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Mellus of Alvarado street, returned home the first of the week from a month's visit in Santa Barbara and Del Monte. Miss Katherine Mellus, who went north for the golf tournament at Del Monte, is visiting in San Francisco.

In compliment to Miss Belle Boone of Kansas City, who has been the guest of Miss Fannie Rowan of this City this summer, Miss Harriet Severance of Hotel Alexandria gave a dinner party at Casa Verdugo Monday evening. Mrs. Mark Severance chaperoned the party and other guests were Miss Fannie Rowan, Miss Kitty Walbridge and Messrs. Paul D. Rowan, Joe Marsh, McFarland, McPherson and Naftzger.

In compliment to Miss Jane Rollins, whose marriage to Mr. Louis H. Tolhurst will be a society event of the near future, Miss Marguerite Drake, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rivers Drake of South Hoover street will entertain with a dinner dance at the Hotel Virginia this evening. Guests will include members of the younger set.

Miss Elizabeth Riordan of Burlington avenue gave a delightful dancing party at her home Friday evening, the guests of honor being Miss Viola Henck and Miss Gertrude Williams, two popular brides-elect. Other guests included members of the Kappa Nu Omega sorority.

Miss Bernardine Williams was hostess Thursday at a luncheon given at her home on Ardmore avenue, the affair being in honor of her sister, Miss Gertrude Williams, whose engagement to Mr. Robert M. Hiddleston was announced recently. Mrs. J. C. Henderson, mother of the two young women, assisted and presided at the luncheon table, where places were set for members of the Kappa Nu Omega sorority.

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Los Angeles

Twenty-third street entertained a number of his young friends at a lawn party Friday evening. The grounds were artistically lighted with Japanese lanterns and about twenty-five guests participated.

At a most attractive luncheon given Thursday at the Mt. Washington hotel by Mrs. Fred Leonard Mowder of 166 South Union avenue announcement was made of the betrothal of Miss Gene Cox, daughter of Mrs. Carrie Fisk Cox of 2146 La Salle avenue, to Mr. Ernest Ingold, who holds a prominent position with the Los Angeles Investment Company. The table decorations were appropriately carried out "in gold," clusters of golden glow being effectively combined with Shasta daisies. The place cards were miniature photographs of the bride-elect, in gold frames. In revealing the betrothal a telegram of congratulation to Mr. Ingold from his parents was read. In the afternoon the guests hemmed linen for the bride-elect and a prize for the neatest work was given to Miss Cox, the award being a handsome Korean bronze vase of the sixteenth century. No date is announced for the wedding, which will be an event of the early winter season. Miss Cox is one of the most attractive young women of the city and popular with a large circle of friends. She is a graduate of St. Mary's of Notre Dame, South Bend, Indiana. Mr. Ingold, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Ingold, of Appleton, Wisconsin, comes of a fine old English family. He is a graduate of the University of Illinois and a brilliant young man.

At a pretty ceremony celebrated at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis William Worth, 422 West Twenty-seventh street, Miss Pauline Wilson Worth was married Thursday evening to Mr. Horace Parlin Hamlin of New York. Rev. Harold J. Frothingham of Elsinore, an old friend of the family, officiated. The rooms were artistically decorated in pink and green. The bride was attired in a gown of white meteor silk and duchesse lace and wore a chaplet of orange blossoms. She carried a bouquet of brides roses and maiden-hair ferns. Little Pauline Dikeman, niece of the bride, assisted as ring bearer. Following the service a reception was held. Mr. and Mrs. Hamlin will make their home in New York, and en route to the East they will visit in San Francisco, Seattle and St. Paul. The bride, who is popular socially here, has won recognition as a short story writer, many of her fiction stories having been published in the standard magazines.

Mrs. Frank M. Kelsey of 2639 Monmouth avenue will be hostess Thursday afternoon at a box party given at the Burbank theater in compliment to Miss Vera Spring, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Spring of 1848 Gramercy Place, whose betrothal to her son, Mr. Laurence Field Kelsey, was announced earlier in the summer. Following the performance, the guests will be entertained at tea at the Alexandria, places being set for sixteen. Date for

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the marriage of Miss Spring and Mr. Kelsey will be set for the first week in November. The young bride-elect will be much favored in the forthcoming weeks with a number of social affairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Leonard Mowder of 166 South Union avenue have returned from their summer vacation in the mountains and are again in their home, where Mrs. Mowder will receive her friends the first Fridays.

Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Fitzgerald of West Adams street have returned from two weeks' visit at Miramar.

At Mt. Washington Hotel

Mrs. M. H. Gridley of Glendale was a charming hostess Thursday at a bridge luncheon, entertaining ten of her friends at Hotel Mt. Washington. The guests were Mrs. Ada N. Hoghamont, Mrs. Laura Powell of Los Angeles, Miss May Dagter, Mrs. Mabel Dolson, Mrs. Frank B. McKinney, Mrs. J. Herbert Smith, Mrs. C. E. Sattuck, Mrs. A. C. Burke, Mrs. S. A. Williams and Mrs. J. W. Nethery all of Glendale.

Mrs. Daniel Innes had as luncheon guests Friday at the Mt. Washington hotel Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Newman of Elgin, Illinois.

At a dinner party of dental surgeons at Hotel Mt. Washington, Friday evening, the following were present: Miss Berdine King, Dr. Amy Bowman, Dr. Maude Wade, Dr. N. Evangeline Jordan and Dr. Kate D. Buck of Los Angeles, Miss Annie L. Harrison of Nashville, Tennessee, Dr. H. K. Stratford of Chicago, Illinois, and Miss Minnie Proctor.

Mr. Philip Patterson is a recent guest at the Mt. Washington hotel.



Cheaters

Colorful and picturesque, if not dramatic, is Richard Walton Tully's "Bird of Paradise," which is given its premier presentation on any stage at the Belasco theater this week under the admirable direction of James Neill and amid adequate scenic environment. Mr. Tully has used to good effect the legend of Pele, the superstitions of the natives concerning the powers of a kahoonia or priest of Pele and the friction existing between the latter and the Christian missionaries, which mixture of religious zeal and material acuteness is subtly satirized by the playwright. Scenically and poetically viewed the offering is delightful; considered solely as a dramatic production it is disappointing, but easily redeemable by judicious pruning. Too many tiresome speeches are allowed and extraneous incidents introduced that unnecessarily prolong the play and halt the action. The author seems to forget at times that it is a drama he is essaying to produce, not an illustrated serial story. The long-winded monologues by Hewahewa (Mr. Howard Hickman) and the philosophic disquisitions of the beachcomber Dean (Mr. David Landau), while of intrinsic value in shedding light on native customs and in pointing a moral, are irritating by their lengthiness. Careful editing, resulting in numerous excisions, will still leave all that is necessary for the audience to know to grasp the situations and save the play from being condemned as "too talky." In the main, however, the plot is interesting, the evolution of the two Americans, Wilson and Dean, in an inverse direction, graphically presented, and the intense sympathy created for Luana, the poor little princess, constantly maintained.

Mr. Tully has sought to show the inevitable result that attaches to the mating of a cultured white man with a softly-sensuous, beautiful Kanaka girl, whose sole charm is physical. There must come a time of awakening when the soul and mind revolt and the matrimonial tie becomes a gyve. Moreover, the ambitions become dwarfed, the will power atrophies and the civilized man lapses into semi-savagery in the easy-going surroundings of his choice. How Paul Wilson (Mr. Stone) succumbs to the lures of the Hawaiian paradise, fascinated by the beautiful Luana (Miss Barriscale) so that he foregoes all his aspirations and deserts his friends, form the basis of the play; his reawakening and the self-immolation of his bird of paradise, the impetuous, but lovable Luana, mark the culmination of the tragedy it contains. The girl has been cursed by the kahoonia, but while defying his power, the call of the blood is too strong and the poor child in the end goes to her death in the effort to redeem her people and save her husband, as she believes, from the priest's wrath.

In the first act the feast of poi, celebrating Luana's natal day, gives opportunity for an ideal seashore setting amid semi-tropical flowers and picturesque palms. Real Hawaiians sing their native folk-songs, with that sweetness only those who have heard them can appreciate. A hula dance by a male Kanaka approaches as near to the original as the stage decencies will permit; it is not a spectacle for the general public. The exhibition, Monday, was a distinct hit, many times encored. The "Aloha," or farewell song, also found ready response in the hearts of the audience. All this is charming and altogether pleasing, even if it is not of dramatic value. The beachcomber of Mr. Landau is a curious admixture of moralist and drunkard. His didactic speeches, perilously approach the painful, since they are too polished in their periods to be the emanations of a besotted brain, which could be the only excuse for the beachcomber mode of existence. Dean's reformation, however, is needed to emphasize the difference between the white man's higher sphere and the degenerating influence of the native environment, as instanced in Wilson's lapse.

Altogether consistent, charmingly human and intense is the well-drawn character of Luana, the last of the Kamehameha line, admirably inter-

preted by Miss Bessie Barriscale. Her naive loveliness, her devotion to her husband, her fits of childish jealousy, her intuition that in Honolulu, removed from the primitive conditions of her little paradise of a home, he would be lost to her, were portrayed in a series of emotions that aroused all the sympathies of her initial audience. The pathetic little figure of this primitive child of nature stands out with cameo-like clearness and is one of the most notable character portrayals seen on the local stage. Miss Barriscale's work does much to save the play from the curse that otherwise would have been its lot because of its irritating attention to subordinate, incidental details.

Miss Helen Sullivan is a pretty bit of American femininity in a tropical background whose work as Diana Larned calls for well-earned encomiums. She is a most promising young actress, always painstaking, always interesting. The Mahumahu of Miss Lillian Elliott is also deserving of praise. Mr. Stone has not an attractive character to express in Paul Wilson; it is not pleasant to find one's hero cast as a cad, for, after all, Wilson's treatment of Luana compels that designation. That he really earns so opprobrious a title only goes to prove the histrionic talents of the Belasco leading man. Mr. Vivian's Captain Hatch, plantation owner, is a virile portrayal, excellently done. The make-up and consistently good work of Messrs. Donald Bowles, Richard Barber, Robert Harrison and Howard Hickman as Kaia, Lemuele, Hohono and Hewahewa, respectively, reveal the excellent material in this quartette. The missionary of Mr. Applebee is rather weak-and-waterly; it took men of stronger stuff than his Mr. Sysonby suggests to impress the native mind.

To summarize: Mr. Tully has struck a promising theme, which he can easily turn into a winning production if he will ruthlessly curtail the long speeches, drop the too tedious moralizing, eliminate about fifty per cent of the picturesque details and permit the audience to draw conclusions occasionally instead of ramming home the obvious. His characters are nicely differentiated and endowed with human qualities. By using the blue pencil unsparingly he has a play good for several seasons of capacity houses.

S. T. C.

"Marriage of Kitty," at Auditorium

It is a pity that so popular and capable a comedian as Max Figman could not have been granted a better vehicle for the opening of his Auditorium engagement than that time-worn farce-comedy, "The Marriage of Kitty," of French origin and British adaptation. Figman does a great deal with his character of Sir Reginald Belsize, an English baronet whose inconsiderate uncle takes a dislike to Belsize's fiancée, a Peruvian widow, and when he dies leaves a will forbidding his nephew to marry her on penalty of losing his fortune. He also commands that the unfortunate Reggie shall be married before a certain date, or forfeit his riches. To evade the will, Belsize marries Kitty Silverton, goddaughter of his solicitor, intending to divorce her as quickly as possible and marry his Peruvian. But, of course, Kitty and Reggie fall in love with each other, and the plans "gang agley," to the delight of the hero and heroine and the dismay of the Peruvian. Max Figman's amiable smile of good fellowship, his comedy methods, and his debonair stage presence succeed in making Reginald somewhat more than the "silly ass" type created by the playwright. Lolita Robertson, in private life Mrs. Figman, essays the role of Kitty. There are moments when she is a charming actress, but she is inclined to overdo the girly-girly pouting side of the character, and play too obviously to the audience, which important part of a theatrical venture was evidently disappointed at the withdrawal of their favorite, Marjorie Rambeau, from the cast. Phyllis Gordon is capital in portraying the "peevish" tendencies of Madame de Semiano, the Peruvian

Broadway, bet. 6th & 7th. Home 10477. Main 977. **ORPHEUM THEATER** MATINEE AT 2:15 DAILY.
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Pianoaphend Minstrels
Jesse Lasky Co.
Carlton
"The Long Magician"
Bob Pender Giants
"Long and Short of It"
Karl Emmy's Pets
"Isn't She Terrible"
WORLD'S NEWS IN MOTION VIEWS UP TO DATE
Connelly & Webb
"A Stormy Finish"
Deiro
Master of the Accordion
Morny Cash
"The Lancashire Lad"
Virginia Pierce
Vocalist
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA CONCERTS AT 2 AND 8 O'CLOCK
Every night at 8, 10c, 25c, 50c, 75c, Boxes \$1 Matinee at 2 Daily, 10c 25c, 50c, Boxes 75c.

(Formerly Orpheum) **LYCEUM THEATER** Spring St., Between 2d and 3d. Phone Main 511, A 1389
WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, SEPTEMBER 17.
The Armstrong *Musical* Comedy *Company*
Featuring Ethel Davis and Will H. Armstrong, in 10c
A DAFFY DELIGHT, 20c
Daffy Dill, or The Man From Mars 30c
Every Night, 7:45 and 9. Every Afternoon at 2:45.
If Ethel Davis is pretty is Will Arm-strong?

"THEATER BEAUTIFUL" **THE AUDITORIUM** L. E. BEHYMER, Manager
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY MATINEE AND WEDNESDAY NIGHT.
Max Figman, Lolita Robertson and the Auditorium Stock Company, will offer last week's success,
The Marriage of Kitty Beginning Thursday Night They Will Offer an Elaborate Production of
The Old Curiosity Shop With Mr. Figman as Dick Swiveller.

widow, although she utterly fails to suggest the nationality of the character, being altogether too American in accent and appearance. James Guy Usher is the much harassed solicitor, a part which he gets over in good style. The Monday night audience welcomed Mr. Figman in its usual cordial manner, to which he responded with a speech expressing his regret that owing to the fact that the other stock companies of this city have acquired the rights to his best plays, he will not be able to offer his favorite roles in his engagement which must necessarily be shortened.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Of the newcomers at the Orpheum this week, local interest is centered in Margo Duffet and Dan Bruce, who present a series of novelty songs. Miss Duffet, a Los Angeles girl, who made her first successes on the local stage, notably the Burbank, has broadened her scope by a year or two in Eastern productions. Her return with her husband in a vaudeville offering is welcomed by many of her former admirers. Their entertainment consists of five songs, all of a novel order, calling for changes of costume, and all exceedingly well done, if one may except the last, the rain song. Unfortunately, since the number is sung from the back of the stage, the words are unintelligible and the audience is left in doubt as to what the song is all about. Jack W. Connelly and Margaret Webb in the musical absurdity, "A Stormy Finish," provide a most diverting entertainment and especially is their act welcomed after the depressive "Scrooge." The offering is slightly changed since its former presentation on the local stage, but the stormy finish, which is good for a plenitude of laughs, is retained. One of the most popular acts is that of Diero, who contributes a medley of current songs on his piano accordion and only stops when he sees that the demands of the audience are insatiable. Morny Cash, another newcomer, adds variety to the bill with his offerings of English comic songs. He also wins favor and retires amid applause. Holdovers, as well as the new turns, are topped by Amelia Stone and Armand Kalisz in "Mon Amour." "Scrooge" continues to thrill with its uncanniness, while Lou Anger, the German soldier, and the Three Original Londons in their acrobatic act, complete the bill, with the motion pictures and opening concert.

Straight Tip at the Lyceum

In "Playing the Races" at the Lyceum this week, the management is giving a straight tip, and a winning one, on laughter, a hundred to one shot. The offering is a light musical comedy, which gives many opportunities to principals and chorus. As usual, there are a number of novel effects in-

troduced, including "Mutt and Jeff," who provide much fun. The several solo and chorus numbers are large adjuncts to success, and one of the notable numbers is "Casey Jones," capital-ly sung by Ethel Davis. She is assisted by a chorus of young women clad in jumpers and overalls, who make their appearance at the last of the turn. The Baby Dolls are attired in picturesque jockey habits. In the finale are shown "Tobasco," the race winner, and Mutt, who has successfully steered him through the amble.

Offerings for Next Week

James Neill, actor-manager, and at present stage director of the Belasco stock company, has won numerous triumphs on the local stage, but none of them has equaled his delightful portrayal of David Holmes, the central male figure of Martha Morton's play, "A Bachelor's Romance." Mr. Neill will have an opportunity to repeat his former success in this charming piece at the Belasco next week, beginning Monday night, and will have the assistance not only of the regular Belasco forces, but of that popular actor, John Burton, who will make his first appearance on the Belasco stage in the role of Beggs, confidential secretary to Holmes. Out of the great mass of plays that were produced a decade ago, "A Bachelor's Romance" remains one of the refreshing bits of dramatic literature. Age does not seem to affect the story of the tender, gracious, young-old literary critic, Holmes, who falls in love with his youthful ward, and finally wins her hand. David Landau will play the part of Holmes' worldly brother, Gerald; Richard Vivian will be a newspaper man; James K. Applebee will play Mr. Mulberry, Miss Sullivan will be David Holmes' widowed sister, and Bessie Barriscale will be Holmes' ward. Following "A Bachelor's Romance," the Belasco company will offer "The Dawn of a Tomorrow."

Mort H. Singer's latest musical comedy success, "The Flirting Princess," in which the famous comedian, Harry Bulger, scored such a hit, comes to the Majestic theater for a week beginning Sunday night, with a popular priced matinee Wednesday and a matinee Friday. Mr. Bulger has been seen here in a number of comedies and is pleasantly remembered for his clever work. "The Flirting Princess" is a disguised American girl who is seeking for the man she would care to kiss a second time. Her experiences prove that the first kiss is disastrous to further enchantment, until the right man happens along. The action all takes place between six o'clock on a summer evening and the wee small hours of next morning. Seventeen catchy musical numbers will be given. Mr. Bulger is surrounded by a cast including Helen Dar-

ling. Eileen Sheridan, Billy Kent, Dale Fuller, Arthur Freeman and others. The chorus contains three dozen American Beauties, who will interpolate the famous Egyptian Turkey Trot. Another specialty is the "Oogie" and "Gloomy Glooms" dance by Dale Fuller and Arthur Freeman.

Owing to the fact that the Belasco-Burbank corporation holds the rights to the Dix-Sutherland comedy, "The Substitute," Max Figman is prevented from giving it for his second vehicle at the Auditorium, as was formerly announced. "The Marriage of Kitty," in which Mr. Figman is making an individual hit this week, will be continued until Wednesday night, and Thursday night a dramatic version of Dickens' famous story, "The Old Curiosity Shop," will be given, with Mr. Figman in the role of Dick Swiveller, a character which is one of his strongest favorites. The settings and costumes will be suitable to the quaint period in which the story is laid, patterned as closely after old illustrations as is possible. A picturesque scenic production is assured, and Mr. Figman's work, which is always interesting, will be awaited with interest.

For Margaret Illington's final performances with the Burbank stock company, "Romeo and Juliet" has been chosen. This selection is not merely the determination of the Burbank company to give Miss Illington an opportunity to display her ability, but is also in response to scores of requests. Many critics have asserted that Miss Illington is the ideal Juliet—carrying out Shakespeare's ideal of youthfulness and allurements, while her art is sufficiently mature to permit her giving an intellectual and dramatic portrayal of the character. Harry Mestayer is not only directing the production, but will be seen in the role of Romeo, in which he is no stranger to local audiences. By stage tradition, Mercutio is as much a leading part as Romeo, and to Byron Beasley will fall the part of the waggish gallant. Forrest Stanley, the new juvenile leading man, will find capital chance in the part of Paris, and Frank Camp will essay Tybalt. Charles Ruggles will be Benvolio, Ida Lewis will be the nurse and Grace Travers will be a beautiful Lady Capulet. Robert Brunton's art will find unusual scope for stage pictures. Owing to the immensity of the production, the curtain will rise promptly at eight o'clock every night and at two o'clock at the matinees.

Regular patrons of the Orpheum will recall the entertainment afforded them a few seasons ago by the Pianophiends, hence will welcome the announcement that the headline act for the week beginning Monday matinee, September 18, will be "The Pianophiend Minstrels." This act is from the Jesse L. Lasky company, and is an improved and redressed version of the old act. It is headed by Ben Linn and Ila Granon, who are experts at entertaining. Carlton, "the long-magician," is a London music hall feature, long and thin, and oddly dressed to emphasize his grotesque appearance. His tricks, mostly with cards, are said to be skillful and unusual. Another big English act is that of Bob Pender's Giants, from the London Theater Royal, Drury Lane. They came over to play a short engagement at the Folies Bergere, New York, and were captured for the circuit by Martin Beck. They are pantomime clowns, and have with them a pretty girl, who is a clever assistant. Karl Emmy will bring his pets in a skit called "Isn't She Terrible?" which is performed by ten trained terriers. Jack Connelly and Margaret Webb, Deiro, the accordion player, and Morny Cash remain. The orchestral concerts at 2 and 8 and the world's news in motion pictures complete the bill.

Beginning Sunday matinee, September 17, the Armstrong company will offer "Daffydill, the Man from Mars," at the Lyceum. Gus Leonard will be Professor Jupiter, a chap who invents a telescope 5,000 miles long, which brings Mars into close proximity, and by means of a magnet attached to the telescope draws a man down to the earth from the planet. Will Armstrong will play an Irish tramp, who goes to sleep in the telescope. He is a native from Mars, Pennsylvania, and is not surprised when he awakens and emerges from the instrument to find himself called "The Man from Mars," a situation which provokes much merriment. Ethel Davis will be Venus, Dorothy Dale will play Mrs. Star Moon

and petite Frances White will be Miss Neptune. Miss Davis will introduce Mr. Armstrong's latest song, "If a Bungalow Will Do for You." Frances White will sing "Turn Off the Light, Mr. Moon;" the Armstrong trio will render "Bright Eyes" and excerpts from the "Chocolate Soldier," and the Baby Dolls will be moonbeams. Mr. Armstrong announces a prize of \$10 to the person mailing him the best daffydill the coming week, judges to be a committee of dramatic critics.

"The Spring Maid" will be the next attraction at the Mason opera house, with Mizzi Hajos in the Christie MacDonald role. It is the story of the struggle between a princeling who would flirt, and a saucy princess who leads him on for punishment, until each is in love with the other. It is considered to be a musical version of the fascinating old play, "She Stoops to Conquer."

United States Treasury Position

According to the treasury's monthly statement of the amount of money in circulation, there are very nearly \$1,000,000,000 of gold certificates outstanding, the exact amount being \$994,338,669. This class of currency has been increasing, while the amount of gold coin actually in circulation remains practically stationary. Particularly has the volume of gold certificates outstanding increased in the last year or so. September 1, 1910, the amount was \$889,811,669, which means an increase within the last twelve months of \$104,527,000. Since September 1, 1909, the increase has amounted to \$134,946,000. In the last year the amount of gold coin has decreased slightly. September 1, 1911, the total outstanding was \$780,355,355, as compared with \$781,522,004 a year ago. Of course, against the increase of gold certificates there is a consequent increase of gold coin or bullion held in the treasury for redemption. Nearly \$50,000,000 of the gold held for redemption of the gold certificates is in the form of bullion, in accordance with the recent law enabling the secretary of the treasury to issue gold certificates against bullion. There was an increase of only \$3,725,797 in the amount of national bank notes in circulation in August, which is a slightly smaller increase than usually takes place at that time of the year, as the banks are beginning then to increase their circulation, if possible, with a view to the coming crop demands. Part of the above increase was due to the new 3 per cent Panama bonds, which, although they are deprived of the circulation privileges, yet were substituted for 2 per cent consols in securing deposits of public money and the amount of the 2 per cents thus set free was used to take out additional circulating notes. Thus, July 31, the treasury held \$7,200,000 of the new 3 per cent Panamas and \$19,419,900 of the 2 per cent consols to secure deposits of public moneys and \$586,719,150 of the 2 per cent consols to secure circulation. August 31 it held \$9,729,500 of the new 3 per cent Panamas and \$17,598,900 of the 2 per cent consols, against deposits and \$590,634,400 of the 2 per cent consols to secure circulation. About \$2,000,000 of the 2 per cent consols were, therefore, transposed for the above-mentioned purpose.

Review of Dry Goods Trade

Marshall Field & Co., in their weekly review of the dry goods trade, say: Retailers are experiencing a good early fall business, which is having its effect in keeping up the volume of immediate shipments of dry goods and notions. Records show more customers in the house and more mail orders received every day this week than in the first week in September last year. Orders are smaller and more general than a year ago, but the total business from the increase in individual shipments is quite satisfactory. Holiday lines are attracting a great deal of attention, and with the holiday catalogues beginning to come off the press this week additional stimulus has been given to this class of merchandise. Laces, embroideries and women's neckwear are among the most active lines at present. Embroideries that are meeting with popular favor are fine, wide, showy materials in the better grades. Laces are showing a different tone than for the last sixty days. Items most called for are marquisettes and evening wear goods of the marquisette type. The new styles of winter laces are of much interest. In women's neckwear side plaits, jabots and round

Morosco-Blackwood Co.,
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BELASCO THEATER

Matinees Thursday, Saturday
and Sunday. Every Night at
WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 18.

The Belasco Theater Company will present Martha Morton's fine play,

A BACHELOR'S ROMANCE

With James Neill in the role of David Holmes. First appearance of Mr. John Burton. SEATS NOW ON SALE. Regular Belasco Prices. To follow—First production by a stock company anywhere of Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's play, "The Dawn of Tomorrow." Seats selling.

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Props. and Managers.

MOROSCO'S BURBANK THEATER

Main Street,
Near Sixth.

WEEK BEGINNING SUNDAY MATINEE, SEPT. 17.

Farewell Appearance of MARGARET ILLINGTON

With the Burbank Stock Company in a sumptuous production of Shakespeare's greatest romance, **ROMEO AND JULIET**

Owing to the Immensity of the Production the Curtain Will Rise at 8 o'clock Sharp on the Evening Performances and at 2 o'clock at the Matinees. SEATS NOW SELLING. Regular Burbank Prices.

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE Oliver Morosco, Manager
COMMENCING SUNDAY NIGHT, SEPTEMBER 17—SIX NIGHTS ONLY.
POPULAR PRICES MATINEE WEDNESDAY. REGULAR MATINEE FRIDAY.

Mort H. Singer Presents for the First Time Here That Famous Funmaker,

Harry Bulger

In the Big Chicago Musical
Comedy Success,

THE FLIRTING PRINCESS

Prices—50c, 75c, \$1 and \$1.50. Seats on Sale.

Dutch collars are good. Automobile scarfs will be the novelty of the season in women's neckwear.

Fashion Show's Advance Couriers

Already the shop windows are showing indications of the United Fashion Show, which opens the evening of September 20. This year's poster is displayed in all the windows, and is a pretty drawing revealing a girl in a tailored suit of brown. The scene is laid in Central Park, with the Auditorium and the fountain in the background. This is the third fashion show in this city. Not everyone knows that this manner of showing the season's styles really originated in Los Angeles. So successful has the plan proved that other cities are adopting it, and already San Francisco and Spokane have given similar exhibitions. Reduced rates will be the rule on all the railroads from all points within a radius of two hundred miles of Los Angeles, so that our "country cousins" who are as down-to-date as the metropolitan matrons, may come in and do their fall shopping and see the exhibit.

Men's Meeting to Favor Suffrage

There will be a mass meeting in favor of woman suffrage, for men only, at Blanchard hall Friday evening, September 22, at 8 o'clock, under the auspices of the Los Angeles Fellowship. The speakers will be Senator Lee C. Gates, Dr. Robert J. Burdette, Mayor Alexander, the Rev. C. C. Pierce, General E. C. Bellows and Lewis R. Works. Reynold E. Blight, minister of the Fellowship, will be chairman. A special program of music will be rendered. All seats free.

I Ask

(John Galsworthy in London Nation)
My happy line is gold with flowers;
All day the courting breezes blow
On love pipes; and the wild bees beat
The drums of summer; gay the hours
Fly past, . . . A woman in the heat,
Poor soul, lies dying down below!

I lay between the rose so red,
And honey-whitened lily cup,
Reeling heaven, . . . And, in view,
There in the field, a calf was dead,
Whose lightless velvet eye looked up
At that same burning summer blue!

Behind the fairest masks of life,
It seems, lies this pale constant death.
What, my philosophers, to say?
Shall we keep wistful death to wife?
Or hide her image deep away,
And, wanton, draw forgetful breath?

El Centro's union high school bonds in the amount of \$75,000 were sold to N. W. Halsey & Co., of San Francisco, at a premium of \$5, par and accrued interest.

Long Beach citizens are to be asked soon to authorize a bond issue of \$350,000 for defraying the cost of constructing an outfall sewer.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE BY ADMINISTRATOR AT PRIVATE SALE.

In the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California.

In the Matter of the Estate of Ella Soares, Formerly Known as Ella Flint, Deceased. No. 4960. Dept. 3.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, made and entered on the 7th day of March, 1910, in the matter of the estate of Ella Soares, formerly known as Ella Flint, deceased, the undersigned, as administrator of said estate, will sell at private sale, to the highest bidder for cash in gold coin of the United States, and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, on and after the 3rd day of October, 1911, all the right, title, interest and estate of said Ella Soares, formerly known as Ella Flint, deceased, at the time of her death, and all the right, title and interest that the said estate has by operation of law, or otherwise acquired, other than, or in addition to that of the said Ella Soares, formerly known as Ella Flint, deceased, at the time of her death, in and to all that real property situated in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and particularly described as: Lot No. Eighty-six (86) of the South Side Tract in said City of Los Angeles; as shown and delineated upon a certain map thereof, recorded in Book 15 of Miscellaneous Records, at page 10, in the Office of the County Recorder of the County of Los Angeles, State of California.

Said sale will be made on and after the said 3rd day of October, 1911, and the office of Leo J. Maguire, Rooms 305-306 of the F. P. Fay Building, in the City of Los Angeles, County of Los Angeles, State of California, and the law office of Messrs. Devlin & Devlin, 328 "F" Street, (upstairs), in the City of Sacramento, County of Sacramento, State of California, are hereby designated as places where offers or bids for the same will be received.

All bids or offers must be in writing, and may be left at the places designated in this notice aforesaid, or may be delivered to said administrator personally, or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court of the County of Sacramento, State of California, to which court the return of sale must be made at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of the same.

Terms and conditions of sale: Cash, gold coin of the United States. Bids or offers must be accompanied by a certified check or cash for ten per cent of the amount of the bid or offer for said property. Balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court. Deed at the expense of purchaser.

Dated, September 11th, 1911.

JACOB SOARES,
As Administrator of the Estate of Ella Soares,
formerly known as Ella Flint, Deceased.
DEVLIN & DEVLIN.

Attorneys for Administrator.
Date of first publication, September 16, 1911.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Lands. 04041
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.,
September 7, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that Arthur W. Stillwell, of Los Angeles, Cal., who, on October 22, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11485, Serial No. 04041, for NW 1/4 NE 1/4, Section 1, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 17th day of October, 1911.

Claimant names as witnesses: William T. Gibson, J. Szymanski, C. L. Goble, all of Topanga, Cal.; J. A. Headlee, of Colgrove, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Date of first publication, September 16, 1911.
BOOK PAGE

Books

Says Jefferson Butler Fletcher in introducing his discussion of "The Religion of Beauty in Woman," "In the Renaissance, in the later fifteenth century and after, there developed actually a kind of divine worship of beauty, and more especially of beautiful women. This 'new religion' had its Peter, the rock on which it was founded, in Cardinal Pietro Bembo; its messiah, in Plato; its first and greatest commandment, in platonic love." Among its apostles were Castiglione, Michelangelo, Vittoria Colonna, Margaret of France, Philip Sydney, Edmund Spenser, John Donne and others of note. This new religion emphasized "that love is the supreme force, cosmic, moral, religious; that there are two loves, heavenly and earthly, the one a desire of the beauty of sense, the other a desire of the beauty above sense; and that, as sensuous beauty is the shadow of supersensuous or spiritual beauty, therefore, by following the shadow, we may ultimately attain to the reality behind the shadow, and in an ecstasy possess divine beauty itself."

This was the experience of Dante, according to his own testimony, as to his conversion to goodness and spirituality through love of Beatrice. Pity to note that so lovely a thing is marred by the intrusion of "two ladies whom he professes to have used as 'screens' to conceal his ideal love for Beatrice." Mr. Fletcher has used this celebrated and delicately beautiful example of Plato's idealism as the basis of his expository essays and for his comparisons with the teachings and practice of other literary followers. Dante's passion for Beatrice was a variety of religious experience and he freely describes his struggles and growth upward toward the ideal. Him she taught the joy of self-renunciation. To him she stood for Christ.

From a scholarly consideration of the evidence left by Dante on the subject of love in "La Vita Nuova," (The New Life), and in the "Divina Commedia," (Divine Comedy), the author takes down the writings of Guido Cavalcanti and descends on his far from idealistic interpretation of platonic love. In fact, this is even more interesting in its reasoning than Dante's case. Guido was a butterfly flitting from flower to flower, seeking perfection, and since no woman was perfection, "each in her turn had supplied that particular trait of loveliness which only she, perhaps, had to offer, but had to offer only."

While to the beauty which I first regarded
I turn my soul, that through mine eyes perceiveth.

Within my soul that beauty's image liveth.
Itself as base and worthless is discarded.

"The words are Michelangelo's, but the idea is, in effect, Guido's. And," continues Fletcher, "it is an idea which, I think, renders perfectly compatible in him constancy in ideal love with inconstancy in real loves. To keep faith with perfection is to break faith with imperfection. The love of Guido brooked no compromise." Apparently his was the general interpretation of the followers of Plato in the graceful arts of love.

Edmund Spenser in his "Fowre Hymnes" and Bienvieni in his "Canzona dello Amore celeste et divino" discourse of this interesting topic; and in quotation Mr. Fletcher has thoughtfully added copious footnotes and explanations to guide those who enter upon strange ground. Especially difficult for any other than a literary student would be the symbolism of Bienvieni's "Ode of Love." A later exemplar of the theory of platonic love was Sir Philip Sydney, whose sonnet-sequence, "Astropel and Stella," Mr. Fletcher discusses thoughtfully. Since this represented the poet's own love affair with a beautiful noblewoman, it offers most interesting material for theorizing.

Most curious of all are the "courts of love" and the antics of the lords and ladies of Charles the First's reign. Upon the exceptional doctrine governing a few great strong souls, wherein "love is defined as desire awakened by

beauty, and by progressive illumination passes from sensible beauty to spiritual, and from spiritual beauty to divine—from lust to love, and from love to religion" these silly puppets and weaklings built up a system that was immoral. Such contributors as Habington, Suckling, Waller, Cotton and others record the creed and a few of the follies of this period. Originally based on a deep feeling akin to religious, Platonism became a foolish and dangerous play at love, sparkling, frivolous, but somewhat picturesque.

Although the book of a scholar, purporting to be a "possible literary history of woman" it is much more. It is a curious study of man, a human document provocative of intricate thought other than literary. And it recalls much that is beautiful and lovely in the amatory history of many of the world's most famous lovers, celebrated in art, song and story. ("The Religion of Beauty in Woman." By Jefferson Butler Fletcher. The Macmillan Co.)

"What Happened at Olenberg"

It is a delightful bit of quiet humor that Clifford Howard, a Los Angeles author, has lent to the profound episode that once upon a time stirred Olenberg from center to circumference, or rather from the pompous burgo-master to the shabby frame of "Pappy" Grimm. Young people will be interested in knowing that it concerns the unexpected coming of a prince to claim the long-lost princess, who had been adopted, years before, by one of the kind-hearted families for which Olenberg was famous. My! what a palpitant of maidenly hearts followed the premature announcement of the grand secret, which, of course, was everybody's property long in advance of the formal date set by the burgo-master to electrify the community. Olenberg had half a dozen orphans of mysterious parentage in her midst and when it was known that one of them was a princess and the promised fiancée of a noble prince, such a rush to the attics to search for the wonderful locket containing a miniature of the coat of arms of the noble family of Trexelheim that was to identify the long lost princess! How Hulda, the vain but beautiful adopted daughter of the miller, yielded to temptation and deprived the sweet Gretchen of the jewel that proved her high birth is admirably unfolded by the veracious chronicler, who also cleverly introduces a surprise that has the effect of revealing the truth, bringing penitence to Hulda, restoration to Gretchen and her true prince to her maidenly arms. O, it is a charming little story, charmingly told and so full of quaint characters that one scarcely knows which is the most attractive. Our choice is for Pretzel, the town crier, whose rhymed announcements, to the scenic accompaniment of a long black coat and a chimney-pot hat are a joy forever. Crackers and cucumbers! as the burgo-master might exclaim, listen to his ode to the prince:

Hail, hail, kind sir, with noble brow,
Majestic as the chestnut bough;
Hail, hail, O hail, O worthy prince,
Superb as perfumed peppermint.

Written in simple, flowing English, and quaintly illustrated in colors by Emile A. Nelson, this delightful little romance for juveniles is a welcome addition to the literature for the young folk, since it is the genuine article. ("What Happened at Olenberg." By Clifford Howard. The Reilly & Britton Co.)

"Secretary of Frivolous Affairs"

Why summer literature is supposed to be lighter than other seasons is hard to tell, but so it is. Perhaps to give the brain a vacation, as well as the body. "Secretary of Frivolous Affairs" surely is light enough to come under that heading. It deals with "society" folk, who talk in big figures and about nothing more serious than house parties, bridge, golf, autos and tennis. But for all that, it is a delightful story of love, mystery and social intrigue. Lest the story become flat or insipid,

TWO LEADING NOVELS

THE HARVESTER. By Gene Stratton Porter.

Author of "Freckles" and "A Girl of the Limberlost." Mrs. Porter has lavished upon this unique story all the wealth of nature-love and nature-love from her years of patient, enthusiastic study. A book worth while!

MARY MIDTHORNE. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Author of "Graustark," etc. Into the narrow and bleak life of an old New England town come Mary Midthorne and her brother Eric, just from Georgia, headstrong, warm-hearted, passionate, human and altogether lovable; flesh and blood people whose adventures hold you with bated breath.

"THE BIG BOOK STORE"

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an element of excitement is introduced by means of a series of mysterious robberies. Jo and Louie suddenly are bereft of their income, and must needs turn their thoughts to sordid channels. Louie becomes companion, or secretary of frivolous affairs, which describes it exactly, to Mrs. Hazard. Besides the usual accomplishments, she must "speak French, bridge, golf, football, baseball and auto." The first for the benefit of the guests, the latter for the entertainment of Mrs. Hazard's son, "Hap," who imagines he loves Natalie, who hasn't the ambition "to pour her husband's coffee in the morning," which is a wife's duty, and consequently his mamma desires to have him "turned around," and naturally, in doing so, he falls desperately in love with Louie, and she being of good ancestry and accomplished, hates to give him up, even if she is a "hired servant." In the house party is a French duke with his retinue, who is in great demand, and is regarded as a catch. True, there are several highly improbable propositions in the story, as for instance: To suppose, after winning a young man away from an undesirable match, that the winner would give him up. Or that robbers would continue boldly to rob when everyone was on the alert and a detective was on the scene. Or that old masters could be replaced by rush copies, and that the substitution would not be noticed, when the pictures were visited daily. Still, why carp at things that never were intended to point a moral, but which certainly adorn the tale, and assist in making a fascinating story. ("Secretary of Frivolous Affairs." By May Futrelle. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

Notes From Bookland

I hear that Arnold Bennett is so disconsolate over the unflattering sale of "Clayhanger" that he has lost interest temporarily in the second novel of his proposed trilogy, which was to deal with the history of Hilda Lessways up to the time of her marriage to Edwin, writes the New York correspondent of the Chicago Post. This discouragement cannot be anything but fleeting, for the man has dared too much in his first staggering novel, with its unseen and half-seen characters weaving their threads into Edwin's life, not to satisfy the interest he has aroused, not only in Hilda and her utterly unknown mate, but in the astonishing method he has chosen for the construction of his trilogy. And one can easily prophesy that the novel that deals with Hilda and her life will be distinctly interesting, not only to the constructionists and psychologists, but to the general mass of readers.

Writes Edmund Gosse in the Eye-Witness: A cliché is a stereotype block. I believe, from which a series of words or a composite picture can be reproduced at a single cast. It is cheap, it is indispensable, it is one of the glories of civilization. It saves time, money and, above all, thought; it fills out a space without involving painful expenditure. It is universal in all our best journalism, which could not be conducted without it. In today's issue of a newspaper, than which there is none more cultured, I read what follows: "The Socialists, anxious to overturn the whole system of modern society, are impatient of all restraint that may check the development of

their program." This is a cliché of a high order, and I hope to live to see the words which form it united by hyphens. It is really one word, used to express the idea "Socialists" with sufficient emphasis to arrest attention. I take a much-praised novel, all is cliché—the verbiage, the sentiments, the order of incidents, the psychology. The obloquy of newness, the crudeness of life and thought, are successfully avoided from the first page to the last.

McClurg & Co. have put out an attractive colored poster advertising the new Spanish novel by Vincente Blanco Ibanez, "The Blood of the Arena," translated by Frances Douglas (Eva Lummis). Troy Kinney, the well known illustrator, who, with his wife, Margaret West Kinney, has passed a year in Spain, painting the pictures to illustrate the novel, writes of bullfighting over there: "If anyone believes Richard Harding Davis' article of several years ago, that the animals don't like to fight, and that it's a game for children, I hope to have photos (of calves, which the artist saw being tried out) to disprove it. One of the little devils upset a man on a horse, and had jumped all over him, I should say, in less than a quarter of a second from the moment of starting. The horse, being padded for the occasion, and the picador not being hurt, it certainly furnished what is locally called 'a gracious moment.'"

LEGAL NOTICE

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT
Of the State of California in and for the County
of Los Angeles.

Orves R. Brown, Plaintiff, vs. Cora Brown,
Defendant.

Action brought in the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles, and the Complaint filed in said County of Los Angeles in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

The People of the State of California Send Greetings to: Cora Brown, Defendant.

You are hereby Directed to Appear and answer the Complaint in an action entitled as above, brought against you in the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, within ten days after the service on you of this Summons—if served within this County; or within thirty days if served elsewhere.

And you are hereby notified that unless you appear and answer as above required the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract or will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

Given under my hand and the seal of the Superior Court of the County of Los Angeles, State of California, this 4th day of August, A. D. 1911.

(SEAL) H. J. LELANDE, County Clerk.
By E. G. RIGGINS, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION

Not Coal Land. 013279

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR,
U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

September 12, 1911.

NOTICE is hereby given that John C. Jensen, whose postoffice address is c/o Title Insurance and Trust Co., Los Angeles, Cal., did, on the 5th day of June, 1911, file in this office Sworn Statement and Application, No. 013279, to purchase the Lots 1 and 2, Section 28, Township 1 South, Range 17 West, S. B. Meridian, and the timber thereon, under the provisions of the act of June 3, 1878, and acts amendatory, known as the "Timber and Stone Law," at such value as might be fixed by appraisal, and that, pursuant to such application, the land and stone thereon have been appraised at \$94.73, the stone estimated at \$75.78 and the land \$18.94; that said applicant will offer final proof in support of his application and sworn statement on the 28th day of November, 1911, before the Register and Receiver, U. S. Land Office, at Los Angeles, California.

Any person is at liberty to protest this purchase before entry, or initiate a contest at any time before patent issues, by filing a corroborated affidavit in this office, alleging facts which would defeat the entry.

FRANK BUREN, Register.
Date of first publication, September 16, 1911.

BROWSINGS IN AN OLD BOOK SHOP

In the old days there were few Californians who had not read Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," which was the pioneer book on California and in California for a long time. Doubtless, there are many in Los Angeles who are thoroughly familiar with this graphic story of sailing 'round the Horn to San Pedro harbor in the 30's, but I venture to say there is a small percentage only that is acquainted with his "Twenty-four Years After," a sequential account of Dana's second visit to the coast in 1859. With the expiration of the copyright on "Two Years Before the Mast," the book reverted to the author and in 1869 Dana issued an author's edition of the work, enriched with an account of a visit to the old scenes, made a quarter of a century later. It is a copy of that edition which the Old Book Shop yielded this week and the references to former characters, to ships and places, render it of absorbing interest to one reading the sequel for the first time. Familiar as I am with his "Two Years Before the Mast"—it was that book that sent me to sea in the early 80's—I had never come across the sequel, hence the acquisition of the 1869 edition is a delightful experience. Naturally, Dana's contrasts are of deep interest, particularly that of the San Francisco bay of 1836, when he visited it on the Alert, with the bay of 1859, when he sailed through the Golden Gate on the steamship of that name, bound up from Panama.

One of Dana's first sensations was in greeting again a man of 60 whom he had known aboard the Alert in 1835, where he amused himself in shooting with his rifle bottles hung from the top-gallant studding sail boomends. His name was Lies (pronounced Leese) and he had married the beautiful Dona Rosalia Vallejo, sister of Don Guadalupe. Says Dana:

"When I gave my name he professed at once to remember me, and spoke of my book. I found that almost—I might perhaps say quite—every American in California had read it; for when California 'broke out,' as the phrase is, in 1848, and so large a portion of the Anglo-Saxon race flocked to it, there was no book upon California but mine. Many who were on the coast at the time the book refers to and afterward read it, and remembered the Pilgrim and Alert, thought they also remembered me. But perhaps more did remember me than I was at first inclined to believe, for the novelty of a collegian coming out before the mast had drawn more attention to me than I was aware of at the time."

On the steamer Senator, which made regular trips up and down the coast, between San Francisco and San Diego, Dana took passage for Southern California. Among the passengers he noticed an elderly man, thin, with sandy hair and a face that seemed familiar. He proved to be old Captain Wilson of the Ayacucho of the old hide-droghing times of 1835-6. They were soon in deep confab. Writes Dana:

"I found he had been very much flattered by the praise I had bestowed in my book on his seamanship, especially in bringing the Pilgrim to her berth in San Diego harbor, after she had drifted successively into the Lagoda and Lorient, and was coming in to him. I had made a pet of his brig, the Ayacucho, which pleased him almost as much as my remembrance of his bride and their wedding, which I saw at Santa Barbara in 1836. Dona Ramona was now the mother of a large family, and Wilson assured me if I would visit him at his rancho, near San Luis Obispo, I should find a still handsome woman very glad to see me. How we walked the deck together, hour after hour, talking over the old times—the ships, the captains, the crews, the traders on shore, the ladies, the missions, the southeasters! Indeed, where could we stop? He had sold the Ayacucho in Chili for a vessel of war and had given up the sea and had been for years a ranchero."

At Santa Barbara Dana landed in the surf, in the old style. He found the place but little changed in the quarter of a century of his absence. At the same old house where he had witnessed the marriage of the Pilgrim's agent,

Mr. Alfred Robinson, to Dona Anita Noriego, where Don Juan Bandini and Dona Augustia danced, he was received in courtly fashion by Don Pablo de la Guerra. He found Dona Augustia all that Captain Wilson had said and he could scarcely believe that after twenty-four years there would still be so much of the enchanting woman about her. Readers of "Two Years Before the Mast" will recall the spirited description of this beautiful Spanish woman at the festivities attendant upon the marriage of Dona Anita. From Santa Barbara, Dana journeyed by boat to San Pedro. Going ashore he managed to get a seat atop of the coach (the Banning stage) to which were tackled six little less than wild California horses. Says Dana:

"Each horse had a man at his head, and when the driver had got his reins in hand he gave the word. All the horses were let go at once, and away they went on a spring, tearing over the ground, the driver only keeping them from going the wrong way, for they had a wide, level pampa to run over the whole thirty miles to the pueblo. . . . The Pueblo de Los Angeles I found a large and flourishing town of about twenty thousand inhabitants, with brick sidewalks and blocks of stone or brick houses. Three principal traders when we were here for hides in the Pilgrim and Alert are still among the chief traders of the place—Stearns, Temple and Warner, the two former being reputed very rich. I dined with Mr. Stearns, now a very old man, and met there Don Juan Bandini, to whom I had given a good deal of notice in my book. From him, as indeed from everyone in this town, I met with the kindest attention. The wife of Don Juan, who was a beautiful young girl when we were on the coast, Dona Refugio, daughter of Don Santiago Arguello, the commandante of San Diego, was with him, and still handsome."

"This is one of several instances I have noted of the preserving quality of the California climate. Here, too, was Henry Mellus (uncle of our own "Jim" Mellus) who came out with me before the mast on the Pilgrim, and left the brig to be agent's clerk on shore. He had experienced varying fortunes here, and was now married to a Mexican lady and had a family. I dined with him, and in the afternoon he drove me around to see the vineyards, the chief object of this region. The vintage of last year was estimated at half a million gallons. Every year new square miles of ground are laid down to vineyards, and the pueblo promises to be the center of one of the largest wine-producing regions in the world. Grapes are a drug here, and I found a great abundance of figs, olives, peaches, pears and melons. The climate is well suited to these fruits, but is too hot and dry for successful wheat crops."

Back to San Pedro on a stage coach behind the six mad horses, Dana again boarded the steamer for San Diego. He found little change since his previ-

ous visit. It had not grown. It was still, like Santa Barbara, a Mexican town. He says:

"I went into a familiar one-story adobe house, with its piazza and earthen floor, inhabited by a respectable lower class family of the name of Muchado, and inquired if any of the family remained, when a bright-eyed, middle-aged woman recognized me. She had heard I was on board the steamer and told me she had married a shipmate of mine, Jack Stewart, who went out as second mate the next voyage, but left the ship and married and settled here. She said he wished very much to see me. In a few minutes he came in, and his sincere pleasure at meeting me was extremely gratifying. We talked over old times as long as I could afford to. I was glad to hear that he was sober and doing well."

Returning to San Francisco, Mr. Dana decided to sail for the Sandwich Islands, and took passage in the Boston clipper-ship, Mastiff, which was burned at sea to the water's edge. With the crew and other passengers, Dana escaped in boats and was carried by a friendly British bark into Honolulu, whence, after a deeply interesting visit of three months in the fascinating group of islands, he returned to San Francisco in an American whaler, reaching there December 11, 1859. Going up to Sacramento, he witnessed the inauguration of Governor Latham, whom he describes as a "young man from Massachusetts, much my junior." He also met a member of the state senate, a man who, as a carpenter, had repaired his father's house back in Massachusetts ten years before. Other old acquaintances in the legislature were Don Andres Pico, from San Diego, and Don Pablo de la Guerra, from Santa Barbara. He writes:

"I had a good deal of conversation with these gentlemen, who stood alone in an assembly of Americans, who had conquered their countries, spared pillars of the past. Don Andres had fought us at San Pasqual, at Sepulveda's rancho in 1846, and he fought bravely, not a common thing among the Mexicans, and, indeed, repulsed Kearney, is always treated with respect. He had the satisfaction, dear to the proud Spanish heart, of making a speech before a senate of Americans, in favor of the retention in office of an officer of our army who was wounded at San Pasqual, and whom a wretched caucus was going to displace to carry out a political job. Don Andres' magnanimity and indignation carried the day."

In the Napa valley, Mr. Dana tells of meeting old John Yount at his rancho, where he heard from his own lips many of his interesting stories of hunting and trapping in Indian fashion, in an adventurous life of forty years of such work, between our back settlement in Missouri and Arkansas and the mountains of California, trapping on the Colorado and Gila. He also told Dana his celebrated dream, thrice repeated, which led him to or-

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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not an other coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

ganize a party to go out over the mountains that did actually rescue from death by starvation the wretched remnants of the Donner party. In this same sequel the author traces the career of the old ships in which he sailed and gives personal "bits" concerning his former shipmates and their after-history. It is like meeting again with old friends. It is interesting to recall that Dana was appointed United States district attorney at the time of the Civil war and afterward served in the Massachusetts legislature. He accepted a nomination to congress but was defeated. In 1876 he was nominated by President Grant minister to England, but his nomination was not confirmed by the senate, for he had bitter enemies who carried on a warfare against him upon terms which he was too honorable to accept. Dana died in Rome January 6, 1882, and is buried not far from where the poet Keats lies at rest. Readers of The Graphic will recall a little story that I printed about a year ago, telling of the visit of his daughter and granddaughter to Capistrano, where they saw, for the first time, the various places so vividly known to the author when he was a "hide-thrower" on the Pilgrim.

S. T. C.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis M. Cole of New Hampshire street, who are enjoying a sojourn at Catalina, had as guests there for the week-end, Mr. Leo Barnett, son of Mr. and Mrs. William T. Barnett of Elden avenue.

Dr. and Mrs. Jack McGarry and their family of West Washington street have returned from Venice.

Dr. and Mrs. Edmond M. Lazard have returned from their wedding trip to the north and are at home at the Hershey Arms.

Stocks & Bonds

Midsummer dullness is ended apparently on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, with the indications for much better things if the slight upturn in the market is anything like a reliable criterion. There is a noticeable improvement nearly all along the line, and as this is written, the market looks as if the end to the recent pessimism really has arrived. As is usual, the reliable investment securities are off, while the speculative shares have recovered considerably since the last report.

None of the Stewart petroleum is much above par, with Provident having sold close to the lowest of the year this week. Union and United Petroleum also appear exceedingly easy.

Associated is recovering a part of its recent remarkable losses, with the stock, however, still below 45, and with the market in a somewhat chaotic condition. The shares should be a purchase, although they continue about the most treacherous item on the investment list. Doheny Mexicans are off the better part of \$3 a share, with the American issues from the same source in a much worse condition. Central is not active, but the price is more than a point higher than the last sales of the stock in the open.

Among the lesser oils, United has lost more than fifty per cent of trading value in less than three months, with plenty of stock at the low figures, apparently, and with no immediate bulge in the market in sight. Jade, which was announced in this column as a sleeper a week ago, has gained five points since the last report, and the stock is still good for a handsome turn. Rice Ranch should be acquired. It is the best value by long odds for the money in the entire stock exchange trading list.

California Midway continues unreliable, with the stock fluctuating as much as two full points, at times, between sales of board lots. Consolidated Midway has been gaining of late because of all sorts of reorganization schemes, none of which, as yet, seems to be really in sight. Oleum has had a bit of speed this week, due to reports of a well of high gravity oil having been brought in.

High class bonds are in demand, with Associated Oil 5s, Los Angeles Home 5s, and the Union bond list ruling firmer. The industrial shares are in much better condition than has been the situation recently. Los Angeles Home, Preferred having recovered better than \$4 a share within the week. All of the bank stocks are firm and in demand, with Southern Trust having lost a part of its unearned increment lately, and with First National, Central National, Citizens National, National of California in the lead of a market that promises to do much better. Merchants Bank & Trust, Farmers & Merchants National, Bank of Southern California and Globe Savings are wanted.

In the mining list there is not much doing, with the indications not so favorable for a quick upturn in prices in these stocks.

Money continues fairly easy, with a sign of hardening of rates.

Banks and Banking

Another important bank merger has been effected whereby the Globe Savings Bank will take over the interests of the Bank of Southern California, bringing the assets of the former institution up to \$2,000,000. Before the consummation of the deal the verbal consent of the stockholders of the Bank of Southern California must be put into writing and the capital stock of the Globe Savings Bank must be increased from \$200,000 to \$500,000. In the terms of the transaction a bonus of \$20,000 will be paid the stockholders of the Southern California. The consolidated bank will occupy the present quarters of the Bank of Southern California, and the present rooms of the Globe Savings will be used as a branch, pending the

completion of the million dollar structure of the Los Angeles Investment Company at Eighth street and Broadway, when the headquarters of the institution will be located there, with the branch established in the former Bank of Southern California quarters. When the reorganization of the new Globe Savings Bank is completed, the executive officers will be Charles A. Elder, president; F. H. Haskell, A. C. Hupp, R. J. Waters, James A. Foshay and M. H. Newmark, vice presidents; R. H. Morse, cashier; G. M. Derby, J. T. Bunn and C. W. Matson, assistant cashiers; W. D. Deeble, secretary, and Charles Cassat Davis, attorney. The directorate will be composed of Charles A. Elder, Charles Lloyd, R. J. Waters, W. D. Deeble, R. H. Morse, G. M. Derby, C. C. Davis, William F. Ball, James A. Foshay, T. E. Gibbon, Dr. H. M. Bishop, R. D. List, F. H. Haskell, A. C. Hupp and M. H. Newmark.

Chicago's fifty-five savings banks aggregated deposits of \$201,250,000 the first day of the current month, this figure setting a new high mark for that city. For all the native thrift of the American, the science of saving is new to him, observes the Chicago Post. France is the savings bank of the world. In England men save instinctively. In this country people are just awakening to the fact that savings in the bank mean independence, self-respect and ability to grasp opportunity when its single knock sounds. The older sections of the United States have formed this most invaluable habit more strongly than the younger sections. New York and Massachusetts are better "savers" than Illinois and Indiana. This is only natural. But the Chicago banks since the bad times of 1907 have been adding \$20,000,000 annually to their savings deposits. The September figures well maintain this rate of increase. More than that, the savings gain is not only in the large central banks, to which the credit for the savings campaign is largely due. It shows, too, in the outer banks. Which means, as near as analysis can be made, that "new money" is coming forth into the savings banks. That is, people who have not heretofore been saving have found the advantage of a neighborhood bank and opened up accounts. Growth in savings is not a symptom upon which the banks alone can congratulate themselves. It is signal of growth in public prosperity and character.

In comparison with the excellent showing made by the national banks of Los Angeles in response to the last call of the comptroller of currency, September 1, the national banks of New York, Boston, St. Louis, Pittsburgh and Cincinnati show in the aggregate a contraction of loans and discounts; a loss in individual deposits and a contraction of currency. New York shows loans and other discounts of \$885,500,000, a loss of \$18,000,000; due to other national banks, \$322,000,000, a loss of \$11,000,000. The last item of decrease is due probably to the movement of bankers' deposits to the interior crop moving. The banks of the cities named have increased their holdings of bonds and other securities.

While the Bank of England made no change in its official minimum rate of discount, the percentage of reserve to liability last week was 58.10, compared with 56.33 the week previous. There was a decrease of £268,395 in bullion and a contraction of £1,482,000 in loans. Public deposits decreased £868,000 and general deposits £888,000. Government securities remained unchanged and notes reserve decreased £104,000, while circulation contracted £217,000. Total reserves decreased £52,000.

As was expected, the exhibition made by New York's associated banks at the close of the market last Satur-

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day was unfavorable, with a loss in cash reserve of \$12,006,000 from the week before. Despite the liquidation which has taken place in the stock market, moreover, the banks, far from showing a contraction in loans, exhibited an increase of \$2,900,000. Though deposits fell about \$7,207,000, the excess lawful reserve decreased \$9,863,350 to \$22,699,750.

Several changes have been made in the staff of the Pasadena Savings and Trust Company and the First National Bank. Former Mayor William H. Vedder, who has been treasurer of the savings company, has been chosen as vice-president of the bank. E. C. May succeeds to the treasurership and Guy E. Wood will become teller in the woman's department of the First National.

From Washington a warning has been sent out to guard against national bank note counterfeits which are being circulated by a gang of operators. The Pacific coast evidently has been chosen as the field of circulation, a counterfeit ten-dollar note on the Pasadena, California, national bank having been passed.

Long Beach has been notified that the newly-designated postal savings bank will be opened there October 7.

Commercial Failures in August

Commercial mortality in August, as reported by R. G. Dun & Co., indicates a continuance of the progress toward better conditions which has been so marked a feature of these returns since the opening of the year, for while there is a slight increase in the number reported, there is a considerable contraction in the amount involved as compared with the same month a year ago. Moreover, the number of failures was notably smaller than in any preceding month of the current year, with the single exception of June, while the aggregate liabilities were lighter in every case. The number of suspensions in August was 926, with total defaulted indebtedness amounting to \$11,116,631, a marked improvement over last year, when 919 failures were reported, with liabilities of \$12,442,063, but a somewhat indifferent showing in comparison with the 917 in August, 1909, for \$9,620,576. Compared with the 1,119 for \$23,782,378 in the same month of 1908 or the 859 for \$15,197,749 in 1907, however, the exhibit is notably in favor of the August record.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Officials of the Southern Pacific railroad in New York are reticent regarding the report from Los Angeles that suit has been started in the United States circuit court here attacking the title of the Southern Pacific to oil properties valued at between \$30,000,000 and \$50,000,000. The Central Trust Company of New York is made one of the defendants in this suit. Wall Street hears that the plans of the Hawley interest will involve important financing and that the financial operation will be undertaken by a New York private banking house.

Supervisors of Orange county have awarded the \$44,000 bond issue of the Placentia school district to J. H. Adams & Co., of Los Angeles at par, accrued interest and \$1,000 premium. The bonds bear 5 per cent interest.

Sealed bids will be received at Pasa-

dena up to 9 a. m., October 17, for the purchase of municipal bonds in the sum of \$100,000 issued for the Arroyo Seco bridge. The bonds are in the amount of \$500 each and bear 4½ per cent interest. Certified check must be for 2 per cent of par value of the bonds bid on.

Corona's city trustees have passed a resolution calling a special election in the near future to vote bonds in the total amount of \$141,000 for municipal improvements. In the budget will be included \$77,500 for road improvements; \$25,000 for a city hall, \$13,500 for a park site and \$5,000 for an auto chemical fire engine.

Orange county supervisors will receive sealed bids up to 11 a. m., November 8, for the purchase of bonds of the Fullerton union high school in the sum of \$130,000. The bonds will bear 5 per cent interest. Certified check must be for 3 per cent of the amount bid.

Bonds in the sum of \$16,000 for defraying the cost of a system of levees and embankments to protect the city from the overflow of Santa Paula creek will be voted on at Santa Paula September 25. The bonds will be of \$1,000 each and bear 5 per cent interest.

Long Beach bonds in the sum of \$850,000, authorized at a recent election, for the purchase of the Long Beach and Alamitos water companies, were awarded to these two companies at par and accrued interest. Each company bid on a part of the issue.

Only a few thousand shares in the Los Angeles Investment Company remain unsold. The company is capitalized for 2,500,000 shares, of which amount 2,441,541 have already been taken. The accumulated surplus of the company is \$4,400,000.

At a special election to be held September 25 at Anaheim, the issuing of bonds in the sum of \$35,000 for the Anaheim union high school will be considered. The bonds will be in the sum of \$1,000 each and will bear 5 per cent interest.

Plans are being prepared for a municipal water system at Oxnard to cost \$100,000. A bond election will be called in the near future to provide funds for this purpose, also for street improvements and a new fire house.

City trustees of Corona will call an election soon for voting on the issuance of bonds in the sum of \$141,000 for the following improvements: Road building, city hall, park site and chemical auto fire truck.

Bonds of the San Bernardino high school district in the sum of \$230,000 will go to a vote October 4. The bonds will bear 5 per cent interest and be in the amount of \$1,000 each.

San Bernardino is considering the calling of an election for October 1 to vote bonds in the sum of \$230,000 for the construction of a polytechnic high school.

Los Angeles supervisors are advocating the sale of \$525,000 highway bonds for road development. The matter has been taken under advisement.

Los Angeles supervisors have rejected the one bid received for the \$1,160,000 of common school bonds. Bids will be readvertised.